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EDITORIALS**Take Some Responsibility**

Drinking is obviously a major part of the college experience for many students. While there is a time and place for drinking at social gatherings, there is also responsibility that must be taken by those who choose to behave in this manner. Recently there has been a lot of talk in the news about drunk driving. This is a topic of great concern for us at the paper, especially for a particular editor who now no longer has a mother because of this senseless crime.

If you get into a car and drive drunk, ask yourself; are you really willing be a murderer? Could you live with yourself if you actually destroyed someone's life while driving under the influence? Many people are pulled over multiple times for DWI before they get into an accident; these are the lucky drivers who fortunately were alone on the road but next time they might not be so lucky. We all take risks in life, but don't put other people at risk who are totally innocent because of your disregard for them.

We're sorry to inform you, but you, just like everyone else are quite mortal and are just as capable of being in a car accident as

the next person. "Friends don't let friends drive drunk" is a corny slogan, but if you actually have the opportunity to prevent your friends from getting behind the wheel, it's your obligation to do so. If you're at a party having a good time why would you want to ruin your night by ending it with a crash, a trip to the hospital, getting sued, or much worse?

Part of growing up is being able to take responsibility for ones actions. It will be your fault if you choose to get into your car after drinking. What if the car you hit happens to be your friend's, or your mother's? Is that a risk you're willing to take? Would it really be that much of a hassle to call a cab, rather then put your life and everyone else on the road's life in jeopardy?

The Stony Brook Press is a paper known for its humor and laid back attitude, but in no way do we feel that such an approach is appropriate to deal with such a serious issue. Drunk/Tipsy/Stoned Driving is an awful unnecessary action that we want to end!

No one else should have to lose a loved one because of someone else's lack of consideration.

Get Out and Vote, Bitches!

As you most likely already know, there's another round of elections coming up next week. That's right, on November 7, it will be time to elect another batch of government stooges. The important thing here is that we want some good stooges this time. Is everyone agreed on that? Good. That's where you come in; the whole lot of you have to vote. We know, it sounds crazy, but that's the way it goes. You check out the candidates, figure out who you like, and vote for him or her.

You've probably heard this a lot before but really, this time it's serious. Remember when Puffy threatened your life a few years ago? It's like that. We've got a war going on, government programs in trouble (or causing trouble), scandals that make Bill Clinton look like a man of God... okay, bad example. This is big stuff. All of the 435 seats in the House of Representatives are up for grabs. CQ Political Reports says 92 of those races and 16 of the 33 Senate contests are considered competitive. This is far more than enough to swing control of Congress to the Democrats or give the Republicans an even stronger lead. Pretty high stakes, eh? Oh, but it doesn't stop there!

There are state elections, too. As residents of the great state of New York, you should probably care about this. Governor, Attorney General, and Comptroller are all con-

tested this year. Bear this in mind: SUNY is a branch of the New York state government. These people will have the power to screw you over in ways you can't imagine. Here's your motivation...vote for people who won't screw you.

At all levels, government can do things you probably don't want to think about. For example, taxation is pretty much the defining element of government. All the money they're spending has to come from somewhere*. Then there's that whole War on Terror thing. Between the actual shooting war and the escalating security regulations at home, this is definitely something to be concerned about. Things are not going well in Iraq at all, and changes have to be made. The people elected this November will be the ones making those changes. Or, if it doesn't go well, not making changes. And you get to have a hand in choosing them.

Vote. Vote carefully. Make sure you do your research before you go down to the SAC and pull the lever. You've been told that everyone has a right to his or her opinion. That's not true. Everyone has a right to an informed opinion. Big difference there. Take a look at all the candidates. I mean all of them. Then go and vote. Santa will know if you don't.

*Your pocket.

Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

(hint: It Rhymes With "Tony took less")

sbpress@gmail.com

or website-it-up big time at

www.thestonybrookpress.com



USG UPDATE

Times, They are A-Changing with Legislation!

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

While last week's elections signals that a change in representation is on the horizon, the Senate pushed through a number of interesting pieces of legislation this month.

During the October 17 meeting, Senators Nathan Shapiro and Robert Romano introduced the Council of Representatives Act. The bill seeks to create a body called the Council of Representatives, which would be comprised of three members from each Clubs and Organizations Bureau. Meetings will be held once a month in order to discuss and vote on issues that pertain to the interests of the clubs under their Bureau. Senator Romano believes that this bill would provide a "venue for clubs and organizations [to have] more say in the budget process." The bill passed, with sixteen in favor and one abstaining.

Executive Vice President Amy

Wisnoski presented The Providing Academic Support to Students Act. After researching the peer tutoring programs of other SUNY schools, Wisnoski found that many larger schools have free tutoring services that are available for many more hours than the programs available at Stony Brook. She also noticed that many of Stony Brook's tutoring services were only available at night, which is generally inconvenient for commuters.

Tutors for Providing Academic Support for Students (PASS) will schedule individual appointments with each student in need of services, and they will be allowed more appointment time just before midterms and finals. The tutors will cover all subjects, with ten tutors covering Math and Natural Science, three covering Humanities, and the remaining covering Business and Engineering.

After talking to the Undergraduate Council, Vice President Wisnoski created this bill, which seeks to hire fifteen tutors

for the fall 2006 semester, each to be paid fifteen dollars an hour (the number was amended on October 24 from twenty). Prospective tutors must have received at least an A- in the course that they will tutor.

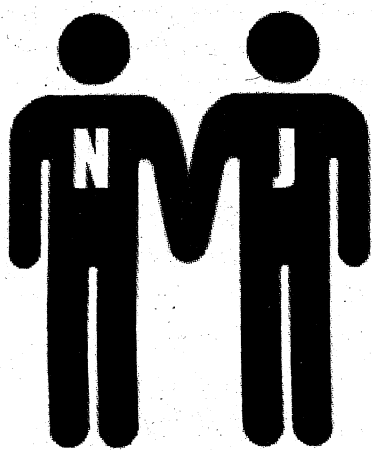
While many Senators were skeptical about the amount of money that will be pumped into PASS this semester, all agreed that it is a valuable commodity for the student body. The bill passed on October 24, with thirteen voting in favor and three abstaining.

The Senate also presented a Resolution on Policies Relating to Smoking, which, as Senator Matthew Maiorella put it, lets the University Senate know that "before [they] ban smoking on campus, [they must] let people know about the current rules." The Resolution proposes that all cigarette receptacles must be moved fifteen feet away from each building, which satisfies the current restriction. It also states that proper signage that informs smokers

about the fifteen-foot restriction must be posted at every building. Finally, the proposal states that investigations must be made into the student and faculty reactions to these policies after one year of proper implementation, and if they feel that they still aren't sufficient, then a fifty-foot ban will result.

Finally, Senators Shapiro and Romano introduced the Declaration on the Right of the Student Body to Change Their Government, which seeks to bring the control of what goes onto the ballot into the hands of the Senate. Currently, the Undergraduate Student Government does not have the power to give the final okay on the things that the students vote on during the elections, such as the amount of the Student Activity Fee. In simple terms, Senator Shapiro believes that this bill sends the message that "[The Undergraduate Senate] should not have to beg to put something on the ballot." The Declaration will be brought to their superiors this week.

NEWS-IN-BRIEF



Jersey Gays
By Alex Nagler

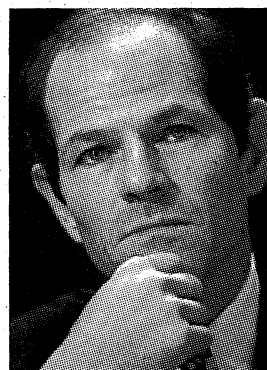
In a 4-3 ruling, the State Supreme Court has declared the New Jersey legislature must rewrite the state's marriage laws within 180 days to codify either civil unions or marriages for gay couples.

The court's decision caused some immediate backlash, with some Republicans claiming that this could spark an influx of "values voters" to go to the

polls on Election Day. Such an influx could potentially tip the balance in favor of Republican challenger Tom Kean over incumbent Senator Bob Menendez. This could also influence the election on a larger scale, allowing old prejudices to rise again as they did in 2004, when eleven states with anti-gay marriage referendums on the ballot brought in enough voters to put nine of these states in the Bush column, among them the state of Ohio. This state would go on to seal the victory for President Bush, but it would have been interesting to see which way it would have gone without the referendum.

Were gay marriage to be allowed, America's Garden State could become the second state in the country, alongside Massachusetts, to let same sex couples walk down the aisle. However, the legislature seems to support civil unions, which would place the state in league with Connecticut and Vermont.

This issue has yet to run its full course and will be interesting to watch for the next year. What will happen next is still up in the air, as, after all, it is politics.



Spitzer's All Like, "Dude..."
By James Messina

It has been rumored that Eliot Spitzer, Attorney General of the state of New York, will soon withdraw his support for Comptroller Alan Hevesi, giving Hevesi a big "Psych, nah." Hevesi has come under scrutiny due to misuse of government funds, having hired a chauffeur for his wife. The State Ethics Commission is currently investigating Hevesi, who claims that the chauffeur was hired for security reasons.

The chauffeur, Nicholas Acquafredda,

has been in the employ of Hevesi for three and a half years. He was earning a \$61,000 salary. He has admitted to having no security experience to speak of. Acquafredda also admitted that he rarely operated in an official capacity, working "personal appointments" for the most part. And, though Hevesi has claimed that he had intended to reimburse the state, there were no records kept of Acquafredda's employ, and he has made no remuneration of any sort.

This is a delicate time for both Hevesi and Spitzer. The upcoming elections have placed pressure on the candidates. Spitzer and Hevesi are both Democrats, and Spitzer is running for governor. If Spitzer continues to endorse Hevesi, it will make his campaign, which is centered on renewing integrity, seem a sham. However, officially rescinding his support will weaken the Democratic campaign and give Hevesi's opponent, J. Christopher Callaghan, a definite advantage. Hevesi, in turn, has to dig himself out of his current hole and restore voters' faith.

Club Spotlight WUSB

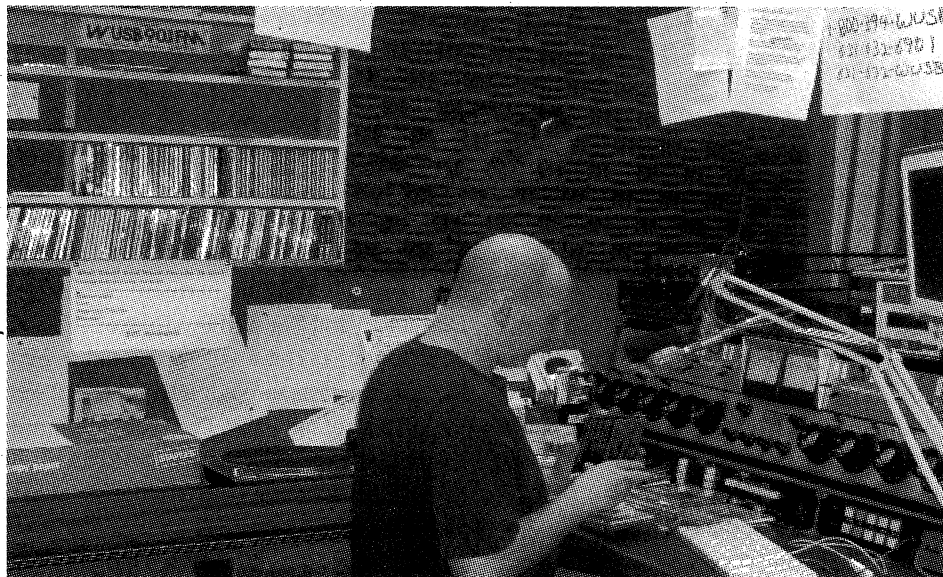
By Adina Silverbush

In the early 1960s, WUSB 90.1 FM began broadcasting from Stony Brook University. Unbeknownst to most Stony Brook students, the station is located in the Student Union Building in room 240. Here you'll find a fully functional radio station that broadcasts to most of Long Island, southern Connecticut, Westchester County, and parts of New York City. With thousands of listeners, one might wonder why it is that more students aren't listening to or even aware of the station. The problem is obviously due to the lack of broadcast capability on campus. An antenna signal used to exist on top of the

Chemistry building, but it has since been shut down because of interference with experimental research; currently the antenna is located on Bald Hill.

A solution has been established, though, in the form of a live feed on the Internet. Now students can go online to www.wusb.fm and hear (in better quality) everything that's being produced. With 160 volunteer staff members, only twenty of which are students, WUSB is in desperate need of more student involvement. Student positions are currently available in all fields: business, marketing, program directing, news, sports, and D.J.-ing.

The radio station receives new music daily, and WUSB's main purpose is to play what's fresh and expose people to



Dave Klein on the air

Adina Silverbush



WUSB Office- Danny Rosen in corner working?

Adina Silverbush

different sounds that aren't heard on other stations. Danny Rosen, a current student staff member, says, "We're the university's radio station, so we're trying to teach." More students getting involved will mean more celebrities and local bands will visit and play at Stony Brook.

One project the station is currently working on will be specifically for Stony Brook students: a couple hours of radio dedicated to students hosting parties. "Let WUSB host your next party." Instead of dealing with having to change songs, students will be able to put on the live feed from their computers and let their guests enjoy new music. The station is also looking for passionate students to form a radio news team.

Turn on WUSB and you'll hear Long Island's largest non-commercial, free-formed radio station. Where else can you tune in to hear everything from polka to reggae, live music to world music? If you enjoy sport commentary or news, this is a club where you can actually literally make yourself heard.

In order to become involved, students must go through training. Once they are through with training, they'll have the ability to actually host their own radio show. All training information can be viewed at www.wusb.fm/training. Training is going on right now, so this is the perfect time to join. An open house will be held in the Melville Library in the Celt room by the elevator from 12-2 pm this Wednesday, Nov. 1st.



Do you remember when radio wasn't scripted?
Do you remember when each station was unique?
Do you remember the glory days of radio?

It's still here, on WUSB.



...listen
on the air at 90.1 FM and
on the web at www.wusb.fm

WUSB PRESENTS: THE TOP 10 NEW ALBUMS

MARIANA

Jeffrey and Jack Lewis - City and Eastern Songs
Letting Up Despite Great Faults - Movement
Girl in a Coma - Coma
120 Days - 120 Days
Switchblade Kittens - The Weird Sisters

NICK

Killswitch Engage - "As Daylight Dies" Sampler
Flaming Tsunamis - Fear Everything
Mastodon - Blood Mountain
Guthrie - Sundet
Painted Saints - Company Town

TOP TEN PLAYS on WUSB

10/13/06-10/27/06

1. Beck - The Information
2. Oddisee - Foot in the Door
3. The Decemberists - The Crane Wife
4. Zero 7 - The Garden
5. Me First and the Gimme Gimmes - Love Their Country
6. Steve Lieberman - Jew Pirate 2006
7. People in Planes - As Far As The Eye Can See
8. Yo La Tengo - I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will Beat Your Ass
9. Brazilian Girls - Talk to La Bomb
10. Xiu Xiu - The Air Force

Club Spotlight

Catholic Campus Ministry Choir

By Kotei Aoki

You may call it Mass Choir. Do you like singing? Or do you agree with, "why not, I might as well get a cool six-pack or something from vocal exercise?" This club may be for you.

The basic idea is that they sing songs during Mass. The club is run by students just like many other clubs, but they do not have an instructor. You might say, "Without an instructor, how good could they be?" In fact, they sound pretty amazing.

Their practice actually starts by selecting which hymn to sing for each song. They tend to pick different pieces for every Mass. But they also have a few repertoires, hoping that more people in the audience sing with them. The practice is not professional but instead has a comfortable atmosphere. They gather around a table, pick hymns together, and practice them.

Because their singing styles are not completely restricted in formality, they have interesting combinations of harmony that even the Priest praises. (At least that was what I assumed when I saw them sing

during Mass.) For example, the harmony I heard during the first Mass in October is worth mentioning. Sean Jesudason and Matthew Anderson incorporated their own improvisations into the songs. Sean's jazzy back-chorus reminded me of the performance by Whoopi Goldberg in *Sister Act*. Matthew welled up his voice to add his original feature in the harmony. Christina Domanico and Shari Marie Rances sang in dual soprano. Their voices echoed above the ceiling glass, through which I could see the thickly cloudy sky. Can you add more features to the Mass Choir?

In case you are still wondering what Mass is, it is the celebration of the Eucharist in Catholic Church and is held every Sunday. Catholic Campus Ministry provides Mass service in the Union Auditorium for Stony Brook students and communities around the Stony Brook campus. The Auditorium is located in the part of Union facing the Sports Complex and by The Bleacher Club, a cafeteria in Union. The Mass is carried out by the Priest, with Sister Margaret's gentle eyes casting over everyone.

Mass Choir is led by a guitarist, James Pelowski. The group of about ten students

practices every week. One definitive factor that they are not complete hacks is that many of them have been exposed to music or are familiar with hymns. Having no instructor makes Mass Choir more accessible for the first-timers and sets a pace for the regulars to keep up with. This semester Mass Choir is actually getting extra help. As they rehearse their songs before the Mass, one of the dedicated attendees of the Mass provides them with useful comments. She is a music teacher at the local high school. With her voluntary support, Mass Choir stands out during Mass.

Some hymns are upbeat and some hymns are tranquil. However, the lyrics of songs are about Him, so if you are new to Christianity you may have trouble getting used to it. But, as many scriptures are meant to be read figuratively, the lyrics do not need to be the main parts of the songs (especially if you question Him). The hymns come with pleasant music in the background, so they sound very cheerful and encouraging if you avoid the literal interpretation of the lyrics. I am not a literal person either and have specific preferences with regards to music, but I like the voices of Mass Choir. Moreover, their

voices mark tender impressions in my ears.

Mass Choir is not just a club affiliated to Catholic Campus Ministry. Their commitments in every Mass are actually distinguished in the commission. Luckily I was able to witness the ceremony. Everyone in Mass Choir received a pendant during the Mass on October 1st.

Mass Choir is open to anyone interested. Are you not affiliated to Christianity? As long as you enjoy singing, you are welcome to be a part of the Mass Choir. I acknowledge that some people "cannot" join, but it is still your choice. Not sure? Come to the Mass on Sundays. The Mass starts at 5PM. It usually takes one hour: hear (or sing along with) Mass Choir and listen to the Lector. People there certainly possess good personalities and compassion. If you have a Catholic background, you may also enjoy "just [being] around people who have the same belief," as Frederick Cabeltini commented.

If you are interested in joining Mass Choir, you should attend their practice on Monday evenings, from 9PM at Union Room 249. It lasts just one hour. You may also contact James at jpelowsk@ic.sunysb.edu for more information.

"That Guy" (continued)

Continued from page 13

day. He may have had severe alcohol poisoning (but that is also speculation).

It was prom night 2002 and Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy was going to show off his great athletic prowess. He had drank his weight in beer (300 pounds, but that is purely speculation) and was now attempting to jump a two-man tent. He gave himself a 3-foot runway before he decided to fly like, well, like a Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy. In fine "That Guy" fashion, Barrel Boy did a top-rated belly flop flat onto the tent. Immediately, those inside started to scream for their lives. Barrel Boy was rolled off the tent and those inside were rescued.

During the ragged winter of 2005 Jim Bob was driving his "That Guy" truck, complete with a Flintstones-style hole where the feet are supposed to rest. Jim Bob was on his way home this particular night when a deer ran into the road. Jim Bob sped up and hit the deer before it got away. He then got out of his truck (possibly leaving the AK-47 he bought from his drug dealer in the truck, but those details are unsure) to check to see if the deer was still alive. The deer was indeed still alive.

Jim Bob was faced with the decision to either let the deer suffer or kill it and possibly take it home. Jim Bob decided the latter, and began kicking the shit out of the deer. The final finishing move was, indeed, the neck break. Jim Bob left that night more of a "That Guy", and a local redneck hero.

It was the great spring semester of 2006 and "That Guy" William Randolph set out to create the ultimate "That Guy" drink. Being the genius he was, Randolph accomplished this feat on his first try. He mixed spicy V8 with 151 and Stroh's, and consumed the drink in one chug. With the cheers of all those present he continued to create V8, 151, and beer combinations throughout the night. This led to the drunken consumption of Chinese food sandwiches. Later on that year, Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy would outdo Randolph by consuming a bucket of warm Steele Reserve mixed with Cooks beer and once again set a record in puking. William Randolph will always be remembered, though, as a pioneer in "That Guy" culinary arts.

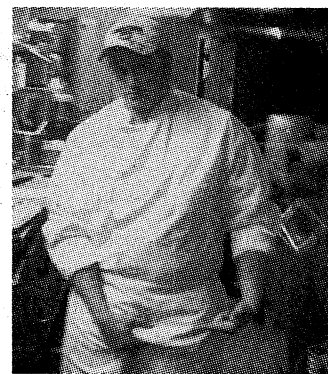
All of the above stories are true. Please send in your own "That Guy" moments.



EAT THIS!

With Chef Heath

THIS ISSUE CHEF HEATH PASSES JUDGEMENT ON THE ROTH DINING HALL



Cooks, Crook, and Chinese Gangsters

I recently had begun to review the food in the Roth Dining Hall, an unusual place for a commuter to find sustenance. However, I braved the distant walk past the pond where clowns swim and cardboard reaches unmatched speed, up to the lofty cafeteria in the sky. On my second day of eating here (both days at Deng Lee's) I had an unfortunate accident. After making it down the first flight of steps, I misplaced my footing and fell end over end down all 13 concrete stairs. If you have never done this, I do not recommend it.

I walked (gimped) away with only a sprained ankle, a few bruises, and a scraped knee, pretty damn lucky if you ask me. Despite what it looks like, the Chinese Mob at Deng Lee's did not push me down the steps. It was caused by my own ineptness. My older brothers always used to ask me: "Walk much?" Apparently, I do not.

Since I was unable to attend classes on Thursday, I missed out on a day of eating at Roth, and I have insufficient material on which to base my judgment.

So, I will address one of the questions that has been repeatedly posed to me by fellow staff and friends. I will not, under any circumstances, review the fast food restaurants on campus.

To me, fast food restaurants are toy stores that serve food. I feel guilty calling them a restaurant. They serve something that passes for food in the same way that Paris Hilton passes for a celebrity, and which by the same token deems Michael Moore a person of conscience: by virtue of being so obscure that you cannot tear your attention away.

Fast food has more fat, more sugar, and more salt than is ever necessary. Every chef knows that there are four things in this world that makes food good. Salt is the most common of these, and is added to everything from bread to pastries and sauces. It is used on meats of every variety and is one of the fundamental staples of a kitchen. Sugar is an ever-growing part of the culinary world. It gives fruit flavor, gives color to sautéed foods, and it provides the basis of thickening agents like cornstarch and roux. It also gives beer its bite, and wine its kick, and is enjoyed in snacks every-

where. Fat is one of the most essential parts of cooking, as it gives a texture and a flavor unsurpassed by any herb or spice. These three components are why fried food is so delicious, things such as French fries and Fried Mozzarella cheese sticks. The fourth agent of flavor comes from alcohol, and if you have learned anything in college, it is that alcohol is a wonderful and beautiful thing.

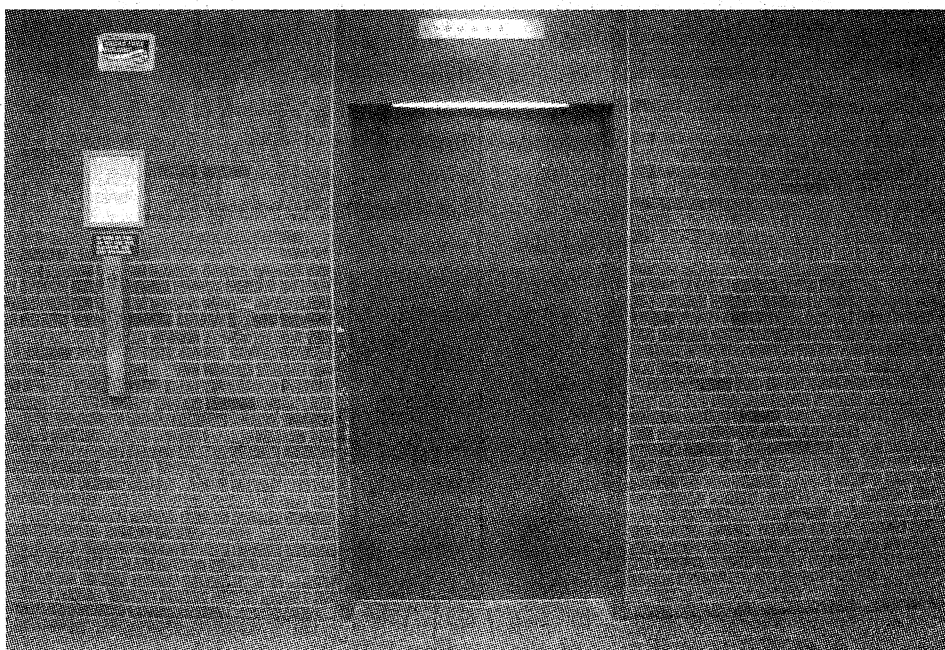
However, fast food chains such as Burger King and Taco Bell are run on the basis of making money. That is why they offer toys, have bright signs, and those utterly unintelligent commercials on the boob tube. (Taco Bell's "I'm Full!" ad comes to mind.) If these franchises spent half the money that they do on advertising and syndication on the food that they serve, then they could easily be churning out quality meals for a low price.

Don't get me wrong though, I understand that they have overhead costs and have gotten down to a skeleton budget in order to become the powerhouse corporations that they are today. Yet this understanding is not going to get me to eat at these swill factories. I would

rather spend a few bucks more for something that I know was made fresh and without the chemical additives than risk my own health, and that is what it all comes down to in the end: to grab a quick bite on my way to class.

This is part of what is wrong with American dining today. Food is meant to be enjoyed, savored, and admired. It is the craft of the person who makes it, an expression of their talent and dedication to a long tradition. You will notice that whenever you have a good meal, one that makes you feel not only full, but also satisfied with the experience of dining, it is when the meal is eaten slowly, over conversation and hopefully a little table wine. This is the way that we are meant to eat, not in our car out of a wax paper bundle of overcooked meat and over-salted sauce, traveling 75mph down the expressway. Some say that food is food, that whatever fills you serves that purpose. To me that defense sounds like a dismissive attitude to a larger problem, and makes as much sense as saying that carbon dioxide is gas, and thus should suffice for breathing.

Elevator Review: Melville Library



Elevator going down...TO HELL!

VMFX

By Vincent Michael Festa

For those who have classes or like to read at the Melville Library, I think you can relate.

If you're lucky, your class could be up on the fifth floor, quite possibly in the room

where the Computer Lab Food and Drink Gestapo look over the shoulders of students who even dare to sneak in the tiniest cookie or sip of Powerade. You press those shiny, brass-like buttons in between those elevators on either end of the first floor of the building, and you wait until Christmas-time for the elevator to finally touch down.

It so happens that ten or even fifteen people wait for that same elevator, and this is where the fun really begins! Everyone must squeeze in so no pocket of air exists and those precious few inches of personal space are violated. Body odor and iPods at high volume are fair game. Backpacks containing textbooks or a whole Boar's Head turkey are swung around so students and faculty can get that perfect fit like a game of Tetris.

As soon as at least twenty people (and no less!) successfully pack in, the doors slide in. Or do they? If you're lucky, the doors will end up stuck two inches apart to give the illusion that maybe the elevator is indeed faulty after all. And that's not the best part. No, no, no, no. When those doors finally close properly the elevator may bob like a water-filled balloon, causing people to question Stony Brook's safety code, when that cable will snap, or their lives.

Or, sometimes when riding the elevator down, you get a feeling that the elevator is somehow rubbing against something; what feels like it's hitting a vertical bump. You take bets with friends about what floor the elevator will get stuck on. Passing of

money ensues; cell-phone numbers from idiots are dialed to their favorite Chinese take-out because we all know it's going to take a while.

The best is the head-rush. How I just love the head-rush! When that elevator goes down suddenly and then plunges to a stop, you can feel the lightheadedness that only a Melville Library elevator passenger can appreciate. You don't need to sniff glue to get that dizzy effect, and you can actually save a brain cell or two.

Alas, students sometimes find out that the elevator doors are jammed about two inches apart only to find that said elevator is still somewhere making the rounds. Sorry, the ride is out of service. Come back next time.

Then again, why chance it when you can give yourself a decent workout and do more in five minutes than most people do in their lifetimes by walking up or down the stairs? Working out and sweating is good for you, but then again, it is America. Wherever we can find an easier way to do things, I guess.

But while these Coney Island Cyclone-class elevators are in need of repair, don't neglect yourself and ride one today!

The Day of the Dead

By Andrew Pernick

Halloween. Día de los muertos. Walpurgisnacht. Most cultures have a night when the Veil, that invisible, intangible curtain between the world of the living and that of the dead, is at its thinnest. For most pagans, it's "Samhain," which is traditionally (in most pagan traditions) celebrated or observed on the same day as the now-secularized, candy-gorging capitalist fright night we in the West "celebrate" (and I do use the term quite loosely) on October 31st.

For some pagans, it is a night of quiet reflection, a night of honoring those who have come before. For others, it is a night of intense ritual, of contacting the spirit realm for guidance, inspiration and knowledge. Others use the night for working spells. Some mix these practices. In nature-based pagan religions, the night is also used for celebrating the end of the harvest and welcoming the coming of winter as the days shorten and the nights lengthen. In Wicca, the night commemorates the Goddess' pregnancy with the God as the God dies, only for him to be reborn on Yule (the winter solstice). It is a night of acknowledging mortality, of celebrating the darkness, of merging one's consciousness with the nether realm.

In the U.S., the clamor and commotion of the non-pagans around this night can either serve to distract and, in the case of the curmudgeonly pagan, infuriate, or, for the rest of the pagan community, it can energize and heighten their observance of the holy day, giving them the energy boost necessary to "lift the Veil" and contact those on the other side. It is important to note that a few pagan religions believe in reincarnation, making communication with the spirits of those who have come before nigh on impossible. For the rest of the pagan faiths, however, and in the case of spirits who have yet to reincarnate, communication is possible. But such an endeavor is quite difficult, labor-intensive, and requires a great deal of mental focus and physical and psychic energy.

For those who are new to paths pagan, the night is perfect for studying "the Left Hand Path," or, as pagans jokingly refer to it (in Jedi terms), the "Dark Side of the Force." Life is about balance, according to most pagan traditions, and one cannot truly study a pagan path by solely focusing on the "Right Hand Path" a.k.a. "white magic". Thus, on Samhain, the night of celebrating the darker sides of ourselves and our surroundings, those new to paganism are encouraged to begin their studies of the darker side of nature, of life, and of magic, operating under the premise that "those who cannot curse cannot cure."

The night is also filled with pranks and laughter. Pagans, like almost everyone else, enjoy a good scare, and they frequent the myriad of haunted houses set up by pagans and non-pagans alike

on this secularized (yet, still, for the pagans, non-secular and quite holy) night. Most of us have never lost our childhood sense of wonder, and a lot of us have never lost our childhood need to don a costume, at least for a few hours, and go about the town hitting up the neighbors for candy. For the homebody pagan, dressing up and giving out sweets to the neighborhood children is at least as much fun as it is for the non-pagan. Giving is better than receiving, pagans believe, and this is especially true not only of sweets but of good-natured frights and gentle pranks.

The night is one of irony for those pagans open enough to see it as such, at least by those pagans who realize that Halloween was originally a pagan holiday that the Catholic church stole and made Christian in an effort to convert the pagans of old to Christianity; a pagan holiday became a Christian holiday which then became a secular holiday that the very same church who stole it in the first place now

condemns as a night of folly and Satanic worship. So, simply put, a Christian holiday is a night for the worship of Satan, the enemy of God, and thus the Christians have been sinning by worshipping Satan in God's name for centuries. Therefore, the joke goes, millions of devout Christians are now in Hell for doing exactly what the Pope, God's divine representative on Earth, told them to do. Of course this irony is fallacy-laden, but it still makes for fun discussions around the mead at pagan moots on Samhain.

Wiccans seek to recapture and, thus, redefine, the word 'witch' and we have been known to call ourselves witches. The green, wart-nose, pointy hat and black gowned "witch" of both Halloween decorations and costumes, as seen in Disney films, is a stereotype we Wiccans are actively trying to get the populace to drop. While some of us do don the costume among fellow pagans as a joke, it is technically considered "bad form". That said, wearing street clothes and informing the curious that one "is a witch" when asked what his or her costume is, is the preferred method of recapturing the word. By making people think about the fact, by making people see, that there is an honest-to-Goddess witch among them, one of their neighbors in fact, we redefine the word in

a positive context. But Halloween, in the pagan community, is often a night we take off from our efforts to redefine the American vocabulary's definitions.

The night sees more works of magic than any other, the theory goes. Every pagan in the U.S., it seems, is casting spell after spell. Some explain spells as streams of light shooting their way across the metaphysical realm. Halloween, the joke goes, looks like the 4th of July on LSD to a metaphysical entity. While this may or may not be true, the idea of a faerie tripping out due to the lightshow has led to many a song and many a poem over the past several decades.

Unfortunately for the pagan community, misguided individuals, especially misguided teenagers, use this night to rampage, destroy property, desecrate cemeteries, and mutilate animals, all in their extremely deranged and misinformed notions of pagan ritual. The police do

their best to combat such

behavior, but the pagan

community-at-

large is often

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We do

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spray-paint

pentagrams, or

kill animals in our

rites. We are not Satanists

— we don't acknowledge the existence of such an entity. These pitiful few who do these horrible deeds are not pagans. They are vicious, vile criminals. We respect and work with and worship nature and balance. Unfortunately for us, society at-large and the police especially are so grossly misinformed about us, our beliefs, and our rites that this night, one of the holiest nights of our year, is one that also causes us great fear. We fear our neighbors, we fear our police, all because of the actions of, to put it lightly, misguided fools. We are a peaceful people who want nothing else except the right to observe our own holidays, to worship our own deities, to have our own religion, free of the oppression of those who are too narrow-minded to keep the First Amendment and common sense in mind. Ignorance prevails, and thus we worship in secret, in hiding, especially on this night.

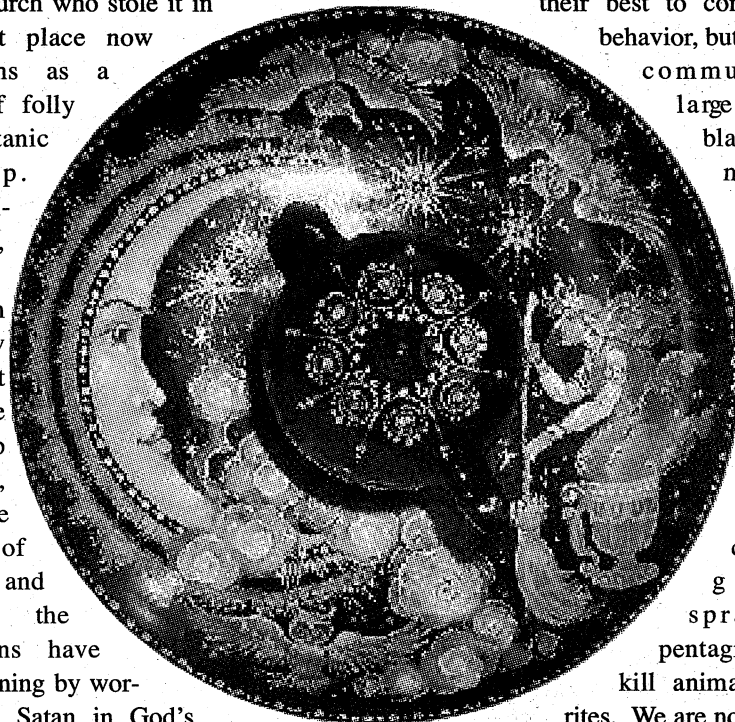
We see Samhain as a night the non-pagan world has turned into a consumer nightmare and as a night we ourselves keep holy, all while staying on our guard should some fool claim to be one of us and

do something horrid and criminal or some police officer misinterpret the actions of said fool as a legitimate pagan ritual rather than as the actions of a misguided and disturbed criminal; we see the night as a candy-gorge and as a night we must worship in silence out of fear of the police and the public's ignorance; we see the night as the thinning of the Veil and as a night where fools do criminal things under the cloak, under the disguise, of calling themselves pagan.

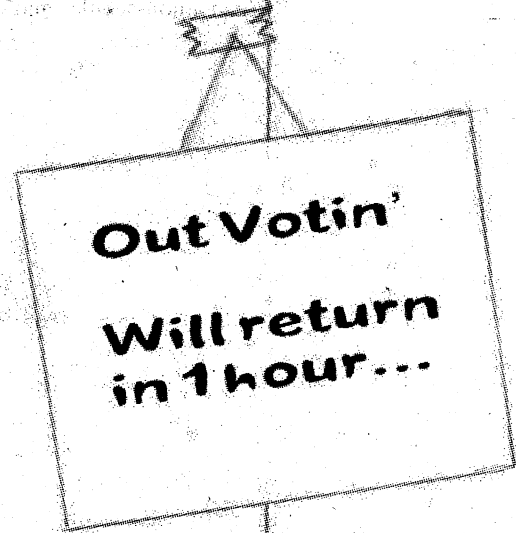
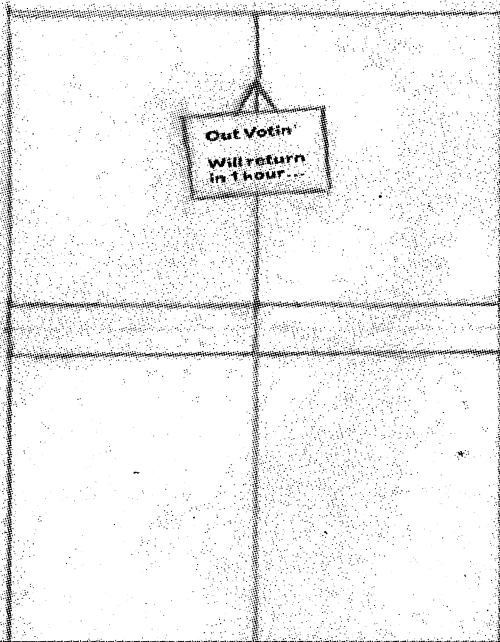
But one cannot discuss Samhain without discussing the honoring of one's ancestors and/or those who have left the mortal coil but have yet to enter the spirit realm. The most general, universal ritual for this dates back centuries, back to either the Celts or the Norse (the actual originator of this ritual is still hotly debated among pagans and historians who study pre-modern paganism). It is simple, but it is powerful. It is also something even non-pagans can do, as it does not rely on anything a Christian would, per se, consider a sin. The ritual is as follows: set on a plate a slice or two of fresh bread; fill a mug with brandy, whiskey, mead, or rum (whichever one your instinct tells you is appropriate); light, at sundown on October 31st, a candle that will last 24 hours and say a brief prayer of thanks and of guidance and of comfort for those who have departed, inviting them to eat the bread so that they may have their hunger sated, to drink the beverage so that they may have their soul comforted, and to follow the candle's light to the world hereafter. Then, place the plate, mug (or glass), and candle near a window with the shades open, preferably in a place where the candle will not tip over and burn down your house.

Samhain, or, for the non-pagans, Halloween, is almost upon us. We pagans will be looking forward to the night of the lifting of the Veil as you look forward to costumes and candy. But, together, we can look forward to a night of spirits, where the mundane world meets the other-world. We will be both serious and light-hearted, somber and full of mirth, just as you will be. But we will be on watch, afraid not of the dead or the spirits or the Veil, but of the fools. We hope and we pray that this year's Samhain, this year's Halloween, will be quiet and fool-free. There are, unfortunately, always fools, but still we hope and pray. But foremost in our hopes, and foremost in our prayers, is that both the non-pagan and the pagan communities have a happy, healthy, safe, fun and joyous Samhain.

I invite all pagans, and all who wish to know more about paganism in general or Samhain specifically, to contact me at andrew.pernick@gmail.com. Flames will be ignored, but all honest questions are welcomed as every journey of knowledge starts with the traveler being inquisitive. I look forward to your questions. Happy Halloween and Happy Samhain!

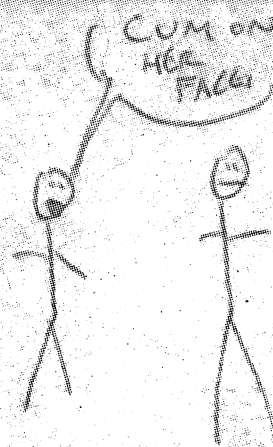
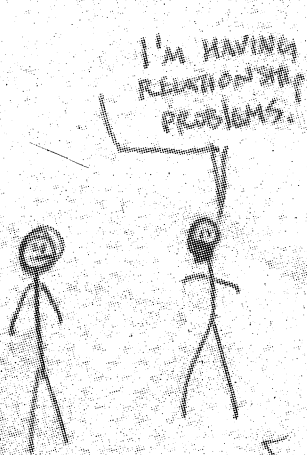


By John O'Dell



On election day...

Playing hooky from work never felt so good.



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By James Messina



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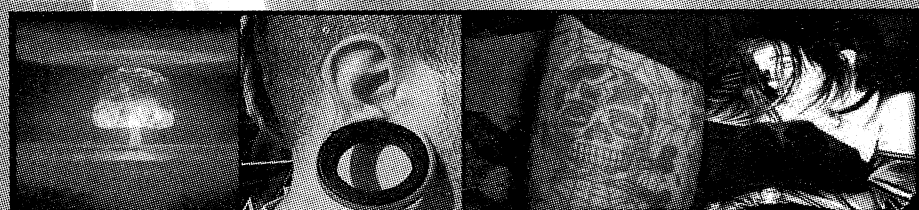
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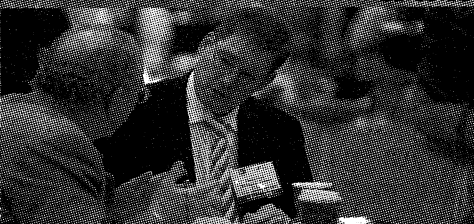
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Seawolves Sports

Men's Soccer Shuts Down #25 Boston Terriers

By Antony Lin

Stony Brook, NY-The Stony Brook Seawolves upset the Boston Terriers, 25th ranked in the nation, by the score of 1-0. Approximately 300 supporters were present with the evenly matched affair at LaValle Stadium.

"This was a hard fought game and it was 50-50 the whole way," said striker Oscar Leis. "We could have put the game away earlier. I am happy we won."

One particular change for Stony Brook's lineup was the insertion of Yahaya Musa up top, instead of his usual sweeper role. "We felt that if we threw Musa in front, it would give us a different look," said Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic. "It ended up helping us, especially late in the game; we were able to bring Musa in to the midfield. He is a talented player and there is a lot we can do with Musa now."

Musa ended up with the first golden opportunity of the match in the 10th minute. Off a free kick taken by Michael Palacio from 40 yards out, Musa leaped in the air only to have his header saved by Terriers goalkeeper Zach Riffet diving to his left.

The home side nearly took the lead in the 39th minute, only to be denied by the post. Palacio sent a through ball to a sprinting Leis. Beating one defender off a cutback to his left, Leis's low left-footed shot went off the far left post and out.

Two minutes later, Boston would threaten for the first time in the match. Off a service, Dan Schultz header to the lower right-90 was caught and held onto by Seawolves goalkeeper Rich Skoblicki diving to the right.

Skoblicki would come up big again seconds later. A deflected Seawolves clearance off of Terriers' Jin Oh forced Skoblicki to track back and safely tap the ball over the bar.

The Seawolves were the dominating team in chances created for the second half.

Stony Brook's first chance in the second half came in the 52nd minute. Collecting the ball from point blank on the left side off a corner kick, Tamer Mohamed's left-footed shot from a tough angle curled inches wide of the upper right corner.

The woodwork kept the ball out of the net once again for the Seawolves three minutes later. Palacio's long free kick found an unmarked Kevin Muller, whose header sailed off the crossbar.

The visitors meanwhile threatened as well in the 70th minute. Bob Hlavaty's effort was stopped by Skoblicki. With the ball loose, Skoblicki was able to pounce on it, preventing any rebound.

The well-deserved goal finally came for the home side in the 80th minute. Palacio was fouled 25 yards from goal. On the ensuing free kick, Leis ended up curling

the ball brilliantly over Boston's wall and into the upper left corner for the go-ahead goal. Riffet was left standing helplessly as the ball traveled in.

"It is a great 3 pts for us," mentioned Leis. "Whenever Palacio moved over the ball, I took three free kicks and two of them went in. That play seemed to work."

Boston's heavy pressure came to no avail as Stony Brook held on for the 1-0 victory.

"We actually got it together at the end and finally put one away," stated Palacio. "We held in there the last ten minutes and it was tough. I think we can make a run in the America East."

The Seawolves improve to 2-2-0 in conference play and 5-9-0 overall. The Terriers fall to 1-2-1 and 6-3-4.

"This is an outstanding win," said Markovic. "It is what we were waiting for all season: to play a good team like BU and get a win."

'Wolves Men's Soccer Clinches Playoff Berth

By Antony Lin

The Stony Brook Seawolves clinched the final spot in the America East playoffs on Senior Night by tying the New Hampshire Wildcats 0-0 at LaValle Stadium. Seniors Adam Ciklic, Zach Norwood, and Noah Liiv were honored during pre-game before over 410 in attendance.

"It's been enjoyable and fun," said Norwood. "There was team unity. It was a blast. Everyone here wants to win. Hopefully we can take the next step and make the semifinals."

The match saw New Hampshire put all eleven men behind the ball as Stony Brook attacked constantly. Despite possession being one-sided, the first real threat came late in the first half.

"We played a very good team and we defended well," said Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic. "I thought we dominated and had several chances to finish them off. We needed a bit more luck tonight. I like what came out of our team tonight. Brian (Tepfer) came in and did well."

The first great opportunity came in the

36th minute from the home side off a set piece. Michael Palacio found Yahaya Musa in the box, whose header skimmed off the right post and out.

With three minutes remaining, Palacio nearly surprised New Hampshire's goalkeeper, Brian Levy. Claiming a loose ball, Palacio decided to fire a shot from 43 yards out, forcing Levy to leap in the air to knock the ball away.

The second half was another in which New Hampshire looked to counter.

Things took a turn for the worse early in the second half as Seawolves goalkeeper Rich Skoblicki was forced to leave the game with an injury. Brian Tepfer replaced Skoblicki for the remainder of the match.

"It was one heck of a game and it was very interesting," said Seawolves goalkeeper Brian Tepfer, who came in and had a solid second half. "Everyone played tough. I did what I had to do. I'm here to help my team."

The first golden opportunity came for the Seawolves in the 68th minute. Palacio's effort off a free kick from just outside the box fell right into the hands of Levy.

Stony Brook was denied by the wood-

Continued on next page

Women's Soccer Team Slips to VT Catamounts

By Antony Lin

In the final tune-up before the America East tournament, the Stony Brook Seawolves fell to the Vermont Catamounts 1-0 off a golden goal in overtime. Needing just a tie to advance into the playoffs, Carson Laderoute spoiled the hopes for the home side in front of 200 supporters.

"We didn't want to go out this way. We allowed them to stay in the game too long."

Sue Ryan
Seawolves Head Coach

"It was a tough and disappointing loss," said Seawolves head coach Sue Ryan. "We didn't want to go out this way. We allowed them to stay in game too long."

The Seawolves' best chance of the first half came in the 21st minute from Aria Tanzi. A pass from Trine Allenberg to Tanzi left him in all alone.

After Catamounts goalkeeper Eliza Bradley came too far out, Tanzi's shot into the empty net was cleared off the line.

Stony Brook had another empty net opportunity three minutes later from Kate Collins. Collins put the ball wide to the far right post from 9 yards out.

Collins had another golden chance in the 56th minute. Her chip over Bradley ended up hitting the post and out.

Despite the dominance, Bradley ended up keeping the score at 0-0.

Seconds into the first overtime, Laderoute scored from point blank for the golden goal. Tears of shock and heartbreak carried over to the entire Seawolves squad, as the entire LaValle Stadium remained stunned.

"You leave a team in the game, the ball can bounce off and go in," stated Ryan. "It's tough because we're so much better than last year. We're still young and growing."

The match marked the end of defender Marisa Nucci's Seawolves career.

"She had a great year for us," mentioned Ryan. "She has done so much for this program. It was very positive for her to play four years and do so well."

Men's Soccer Clinches (continued)

Continued from previous page

work again in the 73rd minute. Tamer Mohamed's perfect cross from the left wing found Alexander Betancourt. Betancourt's flick bounced off the right post.

The Seawolves continued to attack fiercely. Gadiel Figueroa's drive from 27 yards out sailed over the crossbar.

The lone opportunity in overtime came from the Wildcats. Tepfer came up big two minutes into the second overtime, denying Chris Banks's point blank shot to the far post.

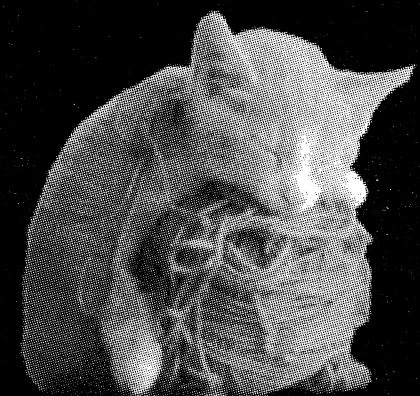
Stony Brook has now clinched the playoffs for three seasons straight since Markovic took over in 2004. The Seawolves face New Hampshire in the first round of the playoffs on Saturday.

"It was a great ride for them for the seniors," mentioned Markovic. "They had some great memories. No matter what, this (LaValle) stadium is where they won the trophy last year and no one is going to take it from them."

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Shelters Ban Adoption of Black Cats for Halloween to Stop "Satanists"

By Andrew Pernick

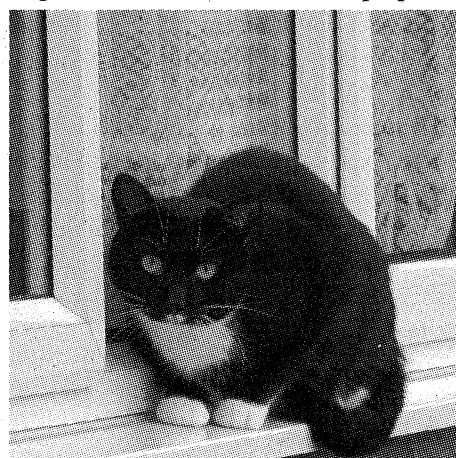
Animal lovers looking to adopt black cats this Halloween season are in for a surprise at some animal shelters nationwide. Across the country, animal shelters are banning the adoptions out of fears that the animals might be sacrificed in "Satanic rituals" or that they would be mistreated or harmed in Halloween pranks.

Phil Morgan, director of the Kootenai Humane Society outside Boise, Idaho, called these risks "remote," but added that, "in the humane industry, it's pretty typical that shelters don't do adoptions of black cats or white bunnies because of the whole satanic sacrificial thing."

True Satanists, members of now-deceased Anton LaVey's Church of Satan, do not use animals in their rites. The Church of Satan, in its Seventh Satanic Statement, maintains that "Satan represents man as just another animal, sometimes better, more often worse than those that walk on all-fours, who, because of his 'divine spiritual and intellectual development,' has become the most vicious animal of all!" Furthermore, The Eleven Satanic Rules of the Earth, the centerpiece of the Satanic Church, commands Satanists, "Do not kill non-human animals unless you are attacked or for food." In the Church of Satan Youth Communique, the Church of Satan wrote that "Satanism isn't about taking drugs, and it isn't about harming animals or children. Unlike many religions and philosophies, Satanism respects and exalts life. Children

and animals are the purest expressions of that life force and as such are held sacred and precious in the eyes of the Satanist."

Morgan, however, maintains that "if we [the shelter] prevent one animal from getting hurt, then [the ban] serves its purpose."



Randall Stevens

Die Katze: That's German for "cat"...duh.

The Baltimore State Attorney's office tasked Michael F. Ryan to look into the ritualistic slaughter of black cats by Satanists on Halloween. After a lengthy investigation, he, like many other government officials, concluded that the nationwide scare and concern for the felines is based on legend and folklore and that there is no nationwide spate of black cat murders. "The more attention people give to this myth, it just helps to ride along on a wave that takes on a life of its own. It's just not there," he said.

Snopes.com's researchers contend that "The problem is magnified at Halloween time, when any unusual or unexplained animal death is automatically attributed to Halloween-related satanic activity." They

also suggest that the number of animal deaths per year that are purported to be the result of occult activity is significantly higher than the actual number of animal sacrifices performed, most likely due to misinformation that has made its way into the law enforcement world. Animals are more likely to die of natural causes or as a result of being attacked by other, larger animals, yet police officers may fail to differentiate between a black cat that died as a result of an attack by a predator and a black cat that died as a result of so-called "Satanic" ritual. Finally, Snopes.com cautioned that the actual number of animals sacrificed in ritual per year is very low, while the number of false reports is very high.

Religioustolerance.org maintains that the link between Halloween and Satanism itself is a product of modern Christian churches. The site cautions that "the more inclusive definition of [Satanic] used by some conservative Christians defines two thirds of the human race — over four billion people — as Satanists."

While the exact number of black cats killed in a ritualistic fashion every year may not be known, it is widely believed to be much smaller than that which police statistics show. Religious tolerance activists also caution that the public not jump to conclusions about dead animals, as they fear another "Satanic Panic," referring to the 1980-1995 period during which a wave of allegations of "satanic ritual abuse" were reported, almost all of which were later found to be baseless.

Local Teen Killed in Robbery Chase

By Steve McLinden

An eighteen-year-old from Holbrook was shot and killed while driving during a chase on the night of October 16th in what Suffolk County police are considering an attempted robbery. Thomas Herzberg of Holbrook, a 2006 graduate of Sachem High School North, crashed on Patchogue-Holbrook Road after a single gunshot struck him in the head. Two teens have been charged with second-degree murder, and friends, family, and the community are shocked by the news.

Around 10:00 PM on that Monday night, Herzberg and passenger Jack Baretta, 21 and also of Holbrook, left Baretta's home just north of the Long Island Expressway in Herzberg's rented Jeep Liberty. According to the passenger's stepmother, another motorist was following them. At 10:37, Baretta called 911, reporting that their car was being

chased and shot at by another car on Nicolls Road. After making a right onto Patchogue-Holbrook Road, Herzberg's car ultimately crashed into trees on the side of the road.

On Facebook, a global group with hundreds of members is dedicated to Tommy, with affectionate posts recalling how he loved to play hockey, was always smiling, and was always willing to help a friend. At the location of the crash, friends have set up a memorial with flowers and a makeshift hockey stick cross with "TCH 86" — Herzberg's initials and hockey number— written on it. Thomas' wake was held on the 26th and 27th of October at Weber Funeral Home in Lake Ronkonkoma, where lines of people from the Sachem community waited in line to pay their respects.

On Tuesday the 24th, Suffolk police arrested Russell Cronin, an eighteen-year-old from Lake Ronkonkoma and Brian Rivera, also eighteen and from Holbrook,

and they were charged with murder in the second degree on Wednesday. According to the criminal complaint filed, Rivera confessed that the pair "tried to rob Jack, he took off in a Jeep Liberty, [and the two] chased him and shot at them in the car." Cronin, who was driving his black Acura in the pursuit, witnessed the crash and drove away, the complaint says. Lawyers for Cronin and Rivera have each contended that his respective client was not the one to fire the gun.

Friends of Herzberg suggested that he and Cronin were friends and that a dispute over drugs with other individuals may have been the cause of the attempted robbery. Early reports indicated that two other vehicles containing up to four other suspects were involved, but no individuals had been charged as of Friday the 27th. Cronin and Rivera pled not guilty at Suffolk County's First District Court in Central Islip and are being held without bail.

Vote, Dammit! Nagler's Steps to Change

By Alex H. Nagler

Forty-seven percent, with an increase of eleven percent from the last time. No, this isn't the latest data on how many people actually attended that 300-person lecture class that's in your schedule. It's the percent of registered voters between the ages of 18 to 24 that actually voted in the 2004 election. Mind you that this was an election with a record turnout where over 64 percent of registered voters showed up to the polls and cast their ballots. The saddest part of all this is the fact that it's considered a record election. Change can come, but voter turnout is still on a steady decline and we're up next as the major voting block.

For the month of October, I worked with NYPRIG to help register people to vote. You know NYPIRG... we're the annoying ones with the clipboards who ask you while you're eating if you'd like to register to vote. The ones for whom you come up with what you think is a clever excuse for not registering; that you have already or that you are at home and you don't want to. In reality, it's more of an apathetic measure of "I don't give a damn." Everyone's Rhett Butler, leaving a distraught Scarlet O'Hara of voting rights atop the stairwell of a ravaged democracy.

Imagine a room made up of 100 18 to 24 year olds. Shouldn't be too hard, just think of your average 100-person lecture class on test day when everyone's there. Let's call this class Citizenship 101; it meets twice a week on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:20, just for argument's sake. We're going to do a little experiment with CIT101. Of those 100 people, as with 18 to 24 year olds on average, 43% of them are registered to vote. So, will

the 57 students not registered please put down their pencils, pack up their notes, and leave the room? Thank you. That leaves 43 of us. Let's adjust our seats so we we're closer together. Now, don't get too comfortable, as only 47% of the remaining people actually voted in 2004. So, will the 21 students who did not cast their ballots in 2004 please leave? Alright... now how many people do we have left? 22... This is less than a quarter of our original population. You can now see

November 7th is nearly upon us and Midterm elections are in full swing. So, in the words of the Daily Show, let's have a "Midterm Midtacular."

why politicians don't really count on us as a voting block.

As should be evident by now, voter turnout is not what it should be for 18 to 24 year olds. Here it is no different. We live on a campus with an estimated 6,000 other people. While it certainly doesn't feel that way on the weekends, the numbers are in our favor. We're essentially a small town, complete with power plant and water purification facilities. We have the power to change the course of any local election we'd like if we were to rally behind the banner of one candidate, but while all politics may be local, I'm here to talk about elections on the national scale. November 7th is nearly upon us, and Midterm Elections are in full swing. So, in the words of the Daily Show, let's have a Midterm Midtacular.

The current state of the political arena is somewhat of a bleak one. Congress is plagued with problems and scandals; among them Iraq, the deficit, Congressmen having cybersex with pages, Senators claiming the

Internet is made of tubes, and incompetence in general. The current makeup of Congress is slanted towards the right, with Republicans controlling both the House of Representatives and the Senate by decent margins. However, a midterm similar to that of 1994 is brewing again.

In 1994, Newt Gingrich created the "Contract With America", promising more jobs, lower taxes, and openness to the American people. It worked. For the first

time in fifty years, the Republicans gained the majority in the House, picking up 57 seats, and they took the Senate as well. Historians call this the "Republican Revolution". The Democrats stand on the cusp of their own revolution now, with polls showing the Democrats poised to take back the Senate and the House, creating what could be two years of a lame duck presidency for President Bush. Of course, what could play a big part in this possible revolution? You guessed it: the youth vote.

So we arrive at the crossroads of change. The torch will eventually be passed to our generation to be the active one in politics, but that isn't estimated for another dozen or so years when we become thirty percent of the electorate. That's where the estimates are off. We have the power to bring about tumultuous change, act as President Kennedy's rising tide and lift all boats. I've spent a good deal so far complaining, but now I'm going to actually propose a few things that can be done to do something about it.

Alex Nagler's Steps To Change:

Tell your friends. I'm sure I'm not the only talking head wannabe flapping their gums about how the youth vote can be used as a catalyst, but I sometimes feel like I'm the only one here. You've made it to this point. Tell people about this. Make sure that both you and they are informed about this upcoming election.

Learn about the candidates. This goes for people everywhere, regardless of age. Don't vote along straight party lines. Learn who you like and who you dislike in the election. Be an educated voter.

Become Involved. If the spirit moves you, find out about your local campaigns and, who knows, even volunteer some time to help them out with calls and envelope stuffing. Become directly involved in the political process. Or, run for something yourself if you really don't like the state of things.

Vote, Dammit. Want to hear a sad fact? Three people on this campus voted in the primary election this year. And I wasn't one of them (I have subsequently reregistered out of New York's 13th District and into its 1st). 6,000 people, 3 voters. In our classroom of 100 kids, that's one-twentieth a person. Let's make it more than that for the general election, okay? It's your civic duty to get out there and vote. So vote, dammit.

As Bob Dylan said, "The times, they are a-changing." It's our turn now to decide what we want from our country. Get out there on November 7th and make your voice heard. You'll be glad you did and the country will be better off with the participation of the masses.

Great Moments in "That Guy" History

By Ben Daggett

These are the amazing true stories of the people known as "That Guy". Only names have been changed, to protect those guys.

It was the summer of 2001 and keg season was officially open. Brock Broccoli, "That Guy", had recently gotten the shit kicked out of him at "That Guy" William Randolph's last kegger. Broccoli began carrying a katana and throwing stars on him to prevent any more serious ass beatings. Many worried that someone might lose a limb due to Broccoli's katana and kept their distance. Randolph decided to take a piss at the wrong time that night. Behind him, he could hear the sound of falling branches and sword swipes. This could only mean Broccoli was approaching him with his pussy saber. Randolph turned to face Broccoli. Thus began the ultimate stand off of "That Guys". Randolph, in brilliantly stupid drunk fashion, yelled, "Hey asshole, quit wielding

your pussy saber, you could hurt someone." To which the brilliantly belligerent, boozed-up Broccoli replied, "Fuck you

they have been held at knife point but few alive can say they almost faced death at sword point. Randolph, still being drunk,



Mmmmm, man flesh.

Randall Stevens

Randolph, you want to die?" Oh, it was on. Randolph now found himself in the most peculiar situation of being held at serious sword point. Many people will say

was only mildly scared until Broccoli started to move his sword point closer. Luckily, females came to the aid of Randolph and with some smooth talking

the two "That Guys" left the situation laughing and shared a nice cool red cup full of cheap ass keg beer.

During August of 2002 a party was held to celebrate the recent homecoming. Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy, "That Guy", was in attendance at this party. Barrel Boy kicked off the party in fine "That Guy" fashion by sitting directly on a bee's nest and repeatedly claiming something bit him each time. Finally he left the area and later fell directly into a ditch. Once the bees were evicted, Barrel Boy continued being "That Guy". Barrel Boy topped off the night by funneling a bottle of Goldschlager. Barrel Boy immediately became belligerently drunk, and about 10 minutes after that began his record-breaking 24-hour violent puking streak. Barrel Boy may be the most diverse puker this country has ever seen (but that is purely speculation). Barrel Boy puked on everything including the kitchen sink and a random animal. He continued to puke throughout the next

Continued on page 6

Drunk Driving: Where to Draw the Lines

By Mia Fischer

There has been a growing trend throughout the nation's courts to charge drunk drivers with murder when their wildly reckless behavior leads to a death. This is an inappropriate interpretation of the distinctions between murder and manslaughter. A murder charge (whether it is first or second degree) requires that the defendant had "malice aforethought" (premeditation), had intended to kill or do harm, and was sane at the time of the crime. Although drinking and driving is a gravely serious offense, murder charges should not be brought against a suspect who kills while drinking and driving; as these distinctions usually are not present.

Primarily, it cannot be assumed that a drunk driver intended to do harm before he started drinking. Secondly, it cannot be assumed that a drunk driver had "malice aforethought," in the time leading up to the vehicular homicide. Thirdly, a drunk driver by definition is of "diminished capacity," meaning that he/she did not know what he/she was doing at the time of the crime.

There are no official statistics on how many drunk drivers are convicted of murder when they commit vehicular manslaughter. Recently, on Long Island, Martin Heidgen

was convicted on two counts of second-degree murder for killing two people while going the wrong way on the Meadowbrook Parkway. His blood alcohol level was three times above the legal limit. Jurors had to decide whether or not he was guilty of murder, and after telling the judge twice that they were deadlocked, Mr. Heidgen now faces a second-degree murder charge and 25 years to life in prison. If prosecutors continuously charge drunk-driving defendants with murder instead of manslaughter, it will be less likely that a jury will convict them; as the majority of the public does not view vehicular homicide as murder.

Drunk driving, whether it results in a homicide or not, is a seriously prevalent crime. People who commit this crime are endangering the public and should face severe consequences the first time they are caught. I suggest a mandatory five-year suspension of a drunk driver's license with mandatory alcoholism counseling for the first offense. If a second offense should occur, this drunk driver's license should be suspended for 10 years, and he/she should have to continue alcoholism and psychiatric counseling. The current New York State laws include mandatory workshops for convicted drunk drivers, but these workshops are obviously not comprehensive enough, as

second-time offenses occur frequently. There are absolutely no excuses for driving drunk, and one's license should be revoked for a significant period of time after the first offense.

These drunk drivers may be reckless, but they are also most likely suffering from alcoholism. Alcoholism is a serious disease; but it is often not thought of as a disease. Alcoholism occurs when one's desire to consume alcohol affects one's daily life. Driving drunk is an obvious sign of alcoholism, which renders you unable to control drinking and even losing a sense of whether you are drunk or sober.

The issue of whether to charge a drunk-driving person who committed vehicular homicide with murder is very complicated. It is almost impossible to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that "malice aforethought" was present, or that a drunk driver has intended to hurt someone. When a drunk driver turns the ignition, it is a failure not only of the individual but also of society as a whole. Bartenders who care more about making a profit than preventing an already inebriated person from drinking further, friends who don't establish "designated drivers" when going out to party, family members who ignore obvious signs of alcoholism.... All of these groups can play a

role in preventing drunk drivers from getting on the road.

Putting a person in prison for life is a waste of government money that could be spent preventing the vehicular homicide in the first place: alcoholism counseling programs, training restaurant staff to better recognize when there is an inebriated guest, or public education programs about alcoholism and drunk driving.

If drunk drivers are convicted of murder, what is the difference between someone who uses a gun to kill people in a park and a drunk driver? How can the courts distinguish between a person clearly deciding to kill others, and a drunk driver with diminished capacity? Charging drunk drivers with murder is draconian and fails to make this distinction. There is an unmistakable difference between these individuals, and the courts must recognize it. People will not stop drinking and driving if more drunk drivers are convicted of murder, just as capital punishment doesn't deter crime. What will help lower the numbers of fatalities in these circumstances is public education, mandatory counseling and long-term license revocation for offenders, along with raising awareness in society about the issue. Prevention will save lives; simply punishing offenders saves no one.

The Real Patriot

By Shaun Bennett

I love freedom of speech. I love freedom of the press. These are two of the greatest liberties a government can offer, with boundless possibilities, and access to a wide variety of resources and news outlets from all across the spectrum. Like all good things, however, the insidious right wing has to find a way to really fuck it up. Thus, the *Stony Brook Patriot* was born. Now, it comes as no surprise that such an iconic, idealized American term such as "Patriot" would be utilized for conservative bullshit. After all, these are the same people who turned the word freedom into a call to arms. These are the same people who changed the Estate Tax to the "Death" Tax, attempting to manipulate the American public into giving the filthy rich yet another break, and eliminating .03% of our entire nation's GPA. But enough of that, the latest issue of the *Patriot* was so abhorrent, so devastatingly degrading, that they attacked everything from women's rights to Hispanics, immigrants, homosexuals, and yes, they even threw in a cartoon mocking the mentally challenged. I have taken it upon myself to help the printed word recover some of its credibility, so let's take a look back.

When I open a newspaper, probably one of the last things I need to read is how to "Be a Real Man." Granted, the author of this fine advice column was clever enough to somehow make puns with the words "tool" and "handy", it just wasn't enough for me. All

this talk about fixing shit to impress a girl, or being unable to call a contractor, sounds a little like over-compensation to me. If you have to shove your masculinity in someone's face by wearing plaid and driving a pick-up then I promise you, dear readers, those with a trace of common sense will see right through you, and they will laugh. They will laugh in your fucking face for the fake you are. Degrading women by saying they are incapable of mindless tasks doesn't make you look macho – it makes you look like a prick. I don't know if the women I know are different, but they generally don't let you rip their



panties off with your teeth after you tell them they're inferior. Whatever happened to the days we celebrated Billy Jean King kicking Bobby Riggs's ass in tennis? Giving women more does not mean men get less. Women earning as much as men (which they still don't) does not lower the income of men. Letting women fix shit themselves should not hurt your self-esteem; hell, it's one less thing we have to do.

I will never comprehend the backlash against immigration that has plagued this country since the 1800s. We may have gotten rid of quotas but racism still lingers. I consider the wave of immigration from south of the border an influx of willing workers trying to

make their way in what we're told is a free country. The *Patriot*, on the other hand, just knows them as the "wetbacks" and offers a satirical piece proposing alligators as border protection. Great idea guys, let's eliminate the very essence of what California needs for its agricultural industry. Let's ignore the fact that this country was founded on the labor of immigrants. What we should focus on is how illegal immigrants will take up all of our welfare! Those damn tricky uneducated, unskilled workers have found a way to get on welfare without ever being registered or recognized by the government. And they're tak-

ing up all the 25-cents-an-hour jobs! These tireless laborers have more drive and work ethic than I think I've ever seen in an American, and we can't grant them the right to live here, or even a little fucking respect?

We've all met the stereotypical gay guy. None of us probably liked him, either. Loud and obnoxious, willing to advertise his sexuality at every opportunity, the stereotypical gay man can be one of the worst. But I am smart enough to know that this one person or attitude does not define an entire group of people. Who someone is attracted to does not have to be a reflection on who they are. The politically incorrect better hope this joke never gets old, because they seem to be pret-

ty fucking stuck on it. Maybe if the *Patriot* spent more time on real news than the gay "lifestyle" they'd have more readers. No one should be bullied into staying in the closet. The Bible may tell you that man shall not lie with man as he lies with woman, but, and I'm no religious expert, I'm pretty sure it dictates understanding, forgiveness, and acceptance too. So basically, you'll go to hell if you judge a gay person, sinner. Besides, do I have to go over the masculinity thing again? Grow some of your own balls and stop worrying about what other guys are doing with theirs. If you're so interested in what's going on in other bedrooms, buy some porn and call it a day. This fascination with the gay stereotype (i.e. *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, every cinematic portrayal of a gay men, ever) feels a little tedious and I'm ready for the country, like every person with only a reasonable amount of patience, to chill out about it.

I'm not even going into the cartoon of mentally challenged people. I will when I figure out how to stoop low enough to fight on that level, though.

Not content with being a little politically incorrect for the sake of humor, the *Patriot* has launched an all-out offensive on American Idealism. Talk about kicking someone when they're down, the *Patriot*'s vapid attempts at journalism and humor aren't worth the trees that were cut down to supply the opportunity. Thank you, though, writers, editors, and readers of the *Patriot*, for reminding the rest of us how truly horrible this country can get.

Slow Fire Trucks: How Long Does it Take for Our Heroes to Arrive?

By Kotei Aoki

32 minutes.

That is how long Setauket Fire Department's fire truck took to arrive at Douglass College in Tabler Quad. Keep in mind that the national standard, set by the National Fire Protection Association, for fire truck response time is six minutes, as the Boston Globe reports. The following is an actual case on campus that led to this article.

On Tuesday, October 10th, the emergency alarm went off after midnight. I was just heading back to Hand College (in Tabler as well) from the Press office when suddenly I heard an unpleasant noise. It was 1:02 AM.

I rushed toward the source of this sound and saw that students were coming out. Many evacuees wore light cloths: shorts and shirts. They also had sweatshirts or jackets on top, but it was apparent that they had snatched them on their way out of their rooms. In four minutes, everyone was out of Douglass College. The National Institute of Standards and Technology reported that the time in which people should evacuate before they are overcome by heat and smoke is now three minutes. So this is, of course, something we should take more seriously. We pay the price for risks such as fire hazards, and we also pay firefighters who arrive after all the damage is done. If the students were swift enough to clear out of the dorm in less than five minutes, should the fire department arrive so late? Expecting that the alarm meant another fire drill, many of them stood near the doors. One of the doors was kept open. It was 1:06 AM.

Contrary to their expectations, the alarm did not seem to turn off in fifteen minutes. Many students started moving away from where they had been standing for the last seventeen minutes. Then, finally, the chief of the Setauket Fire Department arrived on the scene. He went into the building. He and a few staff members of Douglass College inspected the building. It was 1:26 AM.

Finally, the fire truck showed up. It was 1:34 AM.

A few minutes after the firefighters went inside the residence hall with Setauket paramedics, the students started gathering around the back of Douglass College. It was at that moment I realized that it was not just a fire drill. They were trying to peek over their dorm-mates' shoulders to see what the firefighters (something like all eight of them) could be doing. In a few more minutes, the firefighters came out and headed to their fire truck. When they were coming back, they



The fire's in our pants, big guys

Fire Department

were carrying a fan. It was not a regular fan but was large and powerful enough to be of industrial use; it was made of metal and was heavy enough to require a few fire fighters to carry together. I overheard, "Is it that serious?" It was 1:45 AM.

A few firefighters mainly worked in the game room in the basement. Others worked outside, using flashlights, but were still in front of the game room. A black solid was leaning against a wall. Some of the firefighters seemed to be newbies, which is always our concern because the effectiveness of their work influences our survival in case of emergencies. However, they were not productive enough in this case. One newbie kept fumbling while handling tools. It was not a pleasant reality to witness that our lives were relying on such inefficient rescuers. The alarm shut off soon after they all seemed to agree

that everything looked okay. It was past 1:52 AM.

After everyone returned into Douglass College, I continued the investigation. The game room was covered with fine-grain yellow dust. It was probably from the fire extinguisher. Possibly the problem had been in the game room. The pool table, air hockey table, ping-pong table, and all but two couches that had been carried outside were all covered in the clay- or talc-like yellow powder. It will be

a pain to clean those couches. If the alarm had been for the emergency, I would say it had been located close to the socket into which the air hockey table might have been plugged, according to the thickness of the powder around that area.

But, wait. Don't you think this is odd? Why did the fire department take so much time responding to the emergency, anyway? If it was just a fire drill, and there was no immediate threat, they might have not responded to the call urgently. If the fire department actually took our calls in this emergency as jokes, the whole reason behind making us do the fire drills at least twice a year (one in the morning, another at night) would be lost. Moreover, we would not need to rely on them anyway because we could use fire extinguishers to make a mess in our buildings and not clean the dirt after setting the fire

out. In fact, those firefighters covered the game room with powder, left their footprints all over the basement, and walked away from the scene. Their crews do not even seem worth our taxes. The alarm was indeed for the emergency in the basement. So could you possibly rely on such slow rescuers?

Let me get the statistics now. The national standard I mentioned earlier is not an order for the fire department to arrive at the scene in time. However, the reality is that, nationally, merely half of all fire departments satisfy the six-minute response time, the Boston Globe also reports. That figure is actually still delightful compared to other recent statistics. If I glance at the statistics of the response time, I cannot think of a single statistical distribution curve (such as a bell-shaped curve, one that was probably well-learned in your statistics class) that would make the time Setauket Fire Department took to get to Douglass College (32 minutes) a statistically acceptable delay. If the distribution of all fire departments' response rates were bell-shaped, Setauket's 32 minutes would lie beyond 25 standard deviations* away since about half of all fire departments actually could arrive in six minutes. 25 standard deviations! If you remember the bell-shaped curve and the use of the standard deviations, you can tell how significant their delay was. Only one skewed curve makes their response delay less significant, and that would affect our views of all the fire departments in our nation. Think about all the possible curves that would accommodate Setauket's Fire Department; you will only be questioning their productivity. If a large part of the probability distribution lies at an extreme, some fire departments can respond to emergencies very quickly and some others respond too slowly. If this is the case, then the security systems of fire departments need to be reviewed. I imagine that many people once dreamed of being firefighters. It is a real shame that our childhood heroes cannot carry out their jobs properly.

* I assumed that beyond 5th standard deviation the probability of the event is zero.

"That Guy"...continued

day. He may have had severe alcohol poisoning (but that is also speculation).

It was prom night 2002 and Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy was going to show off his great athletic prowess. He had drank his weight in beer (300 pounds, but that is purely speculation) and was now attempting to jump a two-man tent. He gave himself a 3-foot runway before he decided to fly like, well, like a Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy. In fine "That Guy" fashion, Barrel Boy did a top-rated belly flop flat onto the tent. Immediately, those inside started to scream for their lives. Barrel Boy was rolled off the tent and those inside were

rescued.

During the ragged winter of 2005 Jim Bob was driving his "That Guy" truck, complete with a Flintstones-style hole where the feet are supposed to rest. Jim Bob was on his way home this particular night when a deer ran into the road. Jim Bob sped up and hit the deer before it got away. He then got out of his truck (possibly leaving the AK-47 he bought from his drug dealer in the truck, but those details are unsure) to check to see if the deer was still alive. The deer was indeed still alive. Jim Bob was faced with the decision to either let the deer suffer or kill it and pos-

sibly take it home. Jim Bob decided the latter, and began kicking the shit out of the deer. The final finishing move was, indeed, the neck break. Jim Bob left that night more of a "That Guy", and a local redneck hero.

It was the great spring semester of 2006 and "That Guy" William Randolph set out to create the ultimate "That Guy" drink. Being the genius he was, Randolph accomplished this feat on his first try. He mixed spicy V8 with 151 and Stroh's, and consumed the drink in one chug. With the cheers of all those present he continued to create V8, 151, and beer combinations

throughout the night. This led to the drunken consumption of Chinese food sandwiches. Later on that year, Fat-Fuck Barrel Boy would outdo Randolph by consuming a bucket of warm Steele Reserve mixed with Cooks beer and once again set a record in puking. William Randolph will always be remembered, though, as a pioneer in "That Guy" culinary arts.

All of the above stories are true. Please send in your own "That Guy" moments.

Continued from previous page

NY Governor: Spitzer vs. Faso

By Joe Rios

Eliot Spitzer (Democrat)

Since current Governor George Pataki is not running for re-election, current Attorney General Eliot Spitzer is running for the position of Governor of New York State. Spitzer is focused on lowering property taxes, making health care more affordable for everyone, and ensuring health care for every child.

Running with State Senate Minority Leader David A. Paterson, Spitzer is focusing on numerous real-world issues. With regards to the state's failing transportation network, he has a road map to success, stating, "to end this gridlock, we need to establish a transportation road map with clear priorities and concrete milestones." How does he plan to do this? According to his campaign website, the goals are to "set clear priorities for major projects, maintain the existing network, promote smart growth, and improve safety and security." Another real-world issue that Spitzer aims to address is the lack of affordable housing in New York. He aims to do this by appropriating state lands to build afford-

able housing, and most importantly to those struggling for it, making capital available for building and purchasing homes.

John Faso (Republican)

On the opposite side of the ballot, the Republican candidate for Governor is John Faso, with his running mate Scott Vanderhoef. According to his campaign website (www.johnfaso2006.com), Faso intends to reform Albany through what he calls "The Faso Plan." How does he intend to do this? The primary goals outlined in the Faso plan include: spurring economic growth through tax cuts, reducing health care costs and making the health care system more efficient, addressing New York's energy needs, "bringing school property tax relief to all New Yorkers," reforming Medicaid, and perhaps most importantly, reducing government spending.

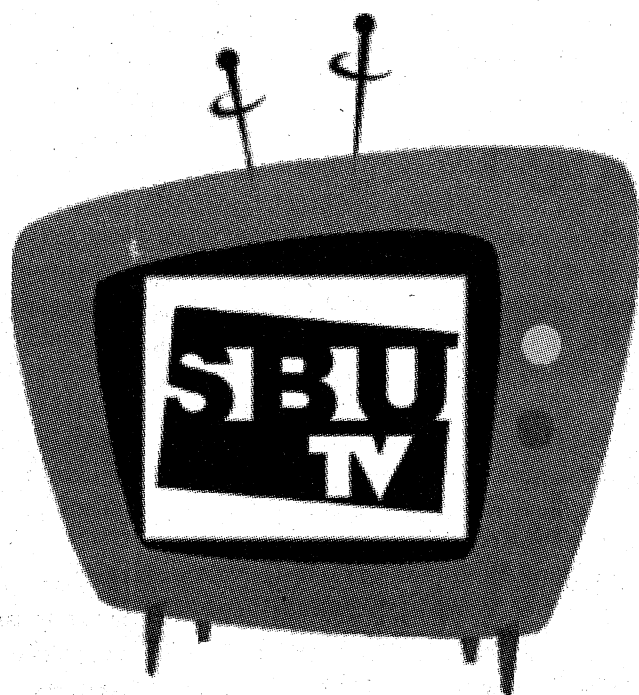
Like Eliot Spitzer, John Faso is also focused on addressing the transit issues of New York. Unlike Spitzer, though, Faso's transportation plan is significantly focused on the funding of plans, primarily by "cutting taxes across the board and reducing costs."



Photo courtesy of jimmonahan.com
Eliot Spitzer (Democrat)



Photo courtesy of the Interwebs
John Faso (Republican)



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Fourth District: West-Central Nassau

By Rebecca Kleinhaut and Alex Walsh

Carolyn McCarthy (Democrat)

Carolyn McCarthy has been serving in the House of Representatives since 1997.

She voted against the Military Commissions Act and the SAFE Act, which seeks to increase security for maritime cargo. In earlier years, Congresswoman McCarthy voted for the Corporate Fraud Accountability Act of 2002, which sought to put harsher punishments on publicly-traded companies engaged in auditing fraud. She is in support of immediately planning an exit strategy for Iraq, but she recognizes that "a hasty withdrawal could create more instability and leave the door open for future re-deployment of our troops to the region."

Since 2003, Carolyn McCarthy has held an annual seminar to explain grant writing to local firehouses so that they can apply for more Homeland Security money. As for the Patriot Act, McCarthy stated, "I supported the Patriot Act, but would have pre-

ferred more sunset provisions to be included in it."

Martin Blessinger (Republican)

Marty Blessinger, a retired police officer and EMT, is the Republican challenger for the fourth district.

He is in line with Republican views on most issues. He supports the war in Iraq, saying "for the good of the country, we must stand firm and resolve, and support the president in his current strategy." Blessinger has proposed deploying the National Guard to the nation's border to assist the Border Patrol. He opposes the expansion of eminent domain to include seizures for potential tax revenue.

A moral conservative, Blessinger opposes gay marriage and late-term abortion. He favors notification of parents for teenage abortions. He says he does not see a "real conflict" between security and civil rights at present. "It's American to be suspicious of authority," he says "but it has to be understood that a balance between these principles must be drawn."



Photo courtesy of house.gov
Carolyn McCarthy (D- 4th District)



Photo courtesy of blessingforcongress.gov
Marty Blessinger (R- 4th District)

Senate: Clinton vs. Spencer

By Karytza Vergara

Hillary Clinton (Democrat)

Hillary Clinton, the current Democratic Senator of New York, has held various political standpoints and views during this senatorial election. One of her well-known causes revolves around the position of strengthening homeland security and financial compensations for those that were affected by 9/11 and Hurricane Katrina. Others include her ongoing support for the "War on Terror." As the first New York Senator to ever serve on the Senate Armed Services Committee, she proclaims that national security needs to be protected by the military forces, and the resources that aid them in this combat against terrorism should continue to be given. Concerning the United States economy, she is determined to find different

methods of creating jobs and promoting growth for the American people. Her platforms also include the encouragement of quality education for all children, the continuous protection of the environment, the capability of providing quality healthcare, and the protection of Social Security for all Americans.

John Spencer (Republican)

John Spencer, the Republican opposing candidate running for the position of Senator of New York, currently holds only a few declared political positions during this election. His views include increased border security when concerned with illegal immigrants encouraging militias, and the enforcing the constitutional right of bearing arms as a method to protect the American nation. His other platform involves his views of pro-life and his overall value of human life.

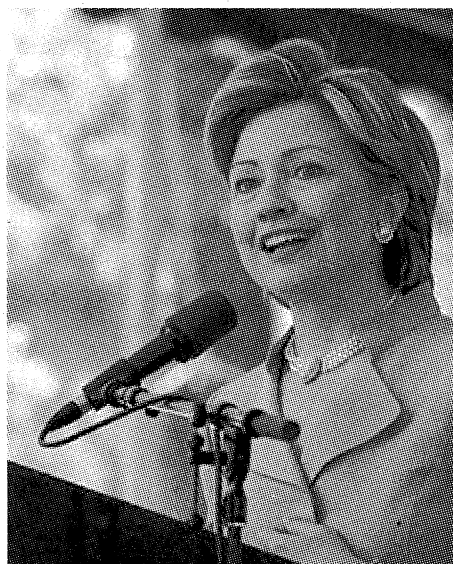


Photo courtesy of yale.edu
Sen. Hillary Clinton (D-NY)



Photo courtesy of the Interwebs
John Spencer (R- NY)

Attorney General: Cuomo vs. Pirro

By Chris Williams

Andrew Cuomo (Democrat)

Andrew Cuomo has advocated for improved homeless and housing policies for years. Under the administration of former President Bill Clinton, Andrew Cuomo was the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) from 1997 to 2001.

For Medicaid fraud, Cuomo wants to institute a comprehensive plan, which includes financing district attorneys' fraud prosecution, and increasing policing of large for-profit insurance companies. His policies on domestic violence include increased enforcement and preventive measures, as well as giving secure housing to victims of domestic violence.

To reduce the sale of illegal firearms,

Cuomo developed a plan that includes technology that will enable authorized purchasers to fire their guns. In addition, he plans to develop greater tracking of illegal guns. He also plans to ban the sale of junk guns.

His plan to maintain the health of the emergency personnel of September 11 includes increased long-term medical coverage. He also plans to compel the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) to provide comprehensive testing and cleanup for WTC-related contamination.

His proposed Senior Citizen Protection Unit will investigate the exploitative activities toward New York's elderly. His strategy for environmental issues involves passing new legislation on protecting natural resources, and forcing power plants to reduce harmful emissions.

Cuomo's "Project Sunlight" is a new

proposal for illuminating what influences the state government. This project will require a comprehensive Internet database for monitoring "elected officials, campaign contributions, lobbyists, corporations, and state contracts."

Jeanine Pirro (Republican)

Jeanine Pirro has served as the elected District Attorney of Westchester County from 1993 to 2005. She has become well-known for her legislation and agencies in regard to domestic violence. In addition, she has been a dedicated advocate for the rights of women, children, and families.

Pirro's view of Medicaid fraud shows that it should be prosecuted as a felony and, where applicable, requires imprisonment. This action intends to stop current offenders and provide a deterrent for prospective offenders. Pirro's view also involves more coordination among law

enforcement, and better use of automated fraud detection.

She fought for legislation that required the civil confinement of violent sexual predators that were likely to repeat offenses. Similarly, Pirro believes that drug crimes should be "prosecuted vigorously." Her proposed plan includes a central intelligence agency for state police organizations that investigates the theft of chemical narcotic components.

Pirro believes in fighting for the rights of victims. For example, she convicted a municipal director for stealing public funds. Also, she helped to collapse one of New York State's largest identity theft rings.

Her stance on environmental issues required polluters to remove hazardous conditions and improved facilities. In addition, she developed the Environmental Crimes Bureau.

First District: Eastern Long Island

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

Tim Bishop (Democrat)

Representative Tim Bishop has served in the House of Representatives since 2002, where he left his job as the provost of Southampton College to make his first run for political office.

Congressman Bishop's voting record is aligned with the Democratic Party. He voted against the Military Commissions Act, which allows the President to decide whether or not interrogation tactics go against the Geneva Conventions. He also voted against slashing funds from any federal student lending program, welfare, and child support. According to his official website, Tim Bishop supports withdrawal from Iraq "at the earliest possible date" and he has called the Iraq war "the single greatest failure of our for-

eign policy." However, he voted for the Secure Fence Act of 2006 and a constitutional amendment to ban desecration of the American flag.

Here on Long Island, Congressman Bishop has set aside \$2.5 million to preserve land on the East End. He has also pumped \$60 million for reconstruction of damaged roadways in his district. As far as illegal immigration goes, Tim Bishop has received a grade of D+ from Americans for Better Immigration, which lobbies for a decrease in the number of immigrants that come into the United States. He is also not in support of tax cuts, saying that he believes that they only benefit the extremely wealthy.

Planned Parenthood, the Sierra Club, the United Transportation Union, and the Suffolk County Police Benevolence Association endorse Congressman Bishop.



Photo courtesy of house.gov

Rep. Tim Bishop (D- 1st District)



Photo courtesy of zanzi2006.com

Italo Zanzi (R- 1st District)

Italo Zanzi (Republican)

Italo Zanzi received his MBA from Emory University in 1999. He has not held an elected office.

According to his official website, Zanzi "will fight to get more homeland security dollars" for his district. In a recent debate with Congressman Bishop, Zanzi also voiced support for the Military Commissions Act, stating, "If it's a choice between ultra-due-process for a terrorist or keeping America safe, I pick keeping America safe."

In that same debate, Zanzi stated that his priority was to "protect the legal taxpayer" and that he is not in support of a guest worker program. He believes that any tax cuts will result in the trickle-down effect to the middle class. He also stated that any corporate tax cuts would result in the hiring of more employees.

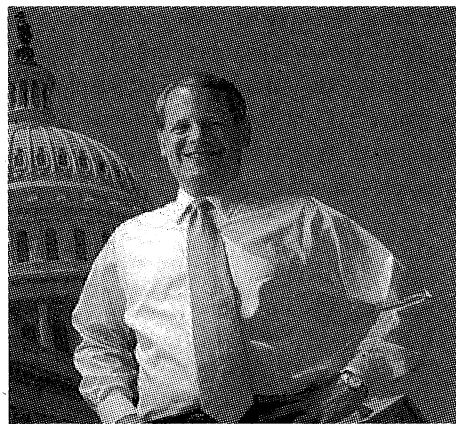


Photo courtesy of newsday.org

Rep. Steve Israel (D- 2nd District)



Photo courtesy of hillnews.com

Rep. Peter King (R- 3rd District)

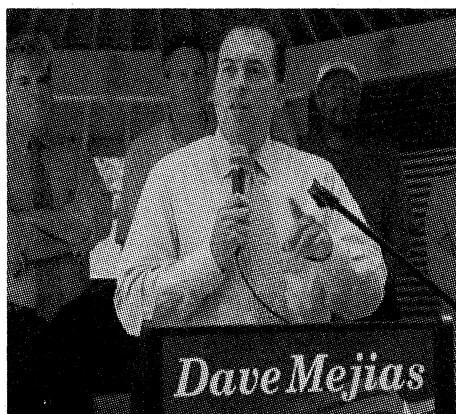


Photo courtesy of daveforamerica.com

David Mejias (D- 3rd District)

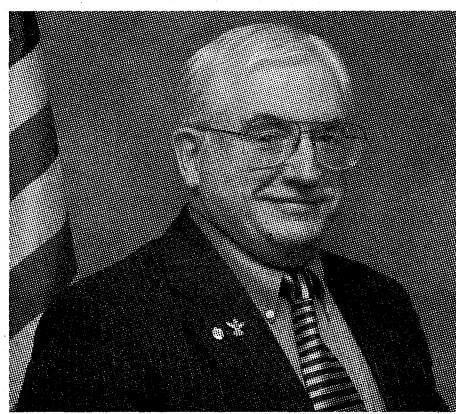


Photo courtesy of bugler.org

John Bugler (R- 2nd District)

Second District: Central Long Island

By Caroline D'Agati

Steve Israel (Democrat)

Democrat Steve Israel is the incumbent congressman of the 2nd Congressional District of New York. Born in Brooklyn, Israel graduated from Nassau Community College and George Washington University. In 2001, he succeeded Senator Rick Lazio and became an exemplary first-term representative. He has served on both the House Armed Services

Committee and the House Financial Services Committee where he is helping reduce international financing of terrorism. He also has secured over a hundred and fifty million dollars to directly benefit Long Island in the form of health care, municipal, economic and educational improvements.

He is particularly strong in his environmental, educational, health care energy, and economic pursuits. He has made great efforts to protect Long Island Sound, improve prescription drug plans, and make college education more affordable. Despite his progressive policies, some consider him to be a "name only" Democrat due to his support of the war in Iraq and staunch support of Israel.

John Bugler (Republican)

John Bugler is the Republican opposing incumbent Steve Israel for Representative of New York's 2nd Congressional District. Also born in Brooklyn, he studied civil engineering at Manhattan College - City College and worked as a civil engineer for the New York State Department of Transportation from 1965 to 2003. He previously worked as a volunteer with International Catholic Relief and served as a fire control technician in the U.S. Navy.

He supports increased spending on education, health care and research, and national defense. He also would support a law that would make English the national language. He is anti-abortion except when it endangers the health of the mother. Interestingly enough, he supports the prescription of marijuana by medical professionals as suitable treatment. No, for real.

Third District: Eastern Nassau

By Vincent Michael Festa

Peter King (Republican)

Peter King is currently the U.S. Representative for NY's 3rd Congressional District. He is the only Republican congressman on Long Island and is also the chairman of the United States House Committee on Homeland Security. King is a strong supporter of more Homeland Security funding based on threat analysis, for building a more than 700-mile wall dividing the U.S. and Mexico to fight illegal immigration. He

strongly supports the international war on terrorism both at home and abroad. King is not afraid to state his own opinions on political issues and on a personal level in a very blunt and direct manner. Due to his controversial viewpoints, he is usually confronted with charges of racism for singling out Muslims for racial profiling.

David Mejias (Democrat)

David Mejias is currently serving in the Nassau County Legislature and has made Long Island history by being the first Latino ever to be elected in Nassau County government. He supported Nassau

County Executive Thomas Suozzi in voting for budgets that resulted in no tax increases for Nassau County and earned it an "A" bond rating. Mejias also hired more than 450 police officers in 2004 and sponsored the toughest Megan's Notification Law in the state. Some of Mejias' plans include protecting a women's right to choose and fighting against big oil. On world issues, Mejias is for the total support and defense of Israel's freedom and independence. He also supports a free Lebanon. He was accused by King of being linked to "radical" Muslim leaders.

PRESS Staffers'

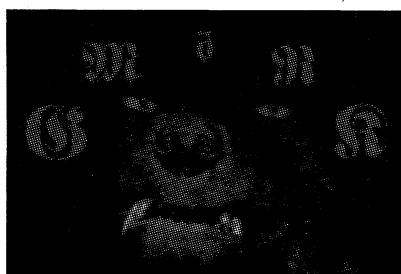
Top 5 Scary Things

David K. Ginn



The Tri-Star Intro

That unicorn is scary as hell. I don't care what anyone else says. He fucking prances out of the darkness right toward you, and just as he's about to leap out of the screen, that wicked Tri-Star logo pops up and turns it all into a still image. I had nightmares when I was a kid, and I have nightmares today.



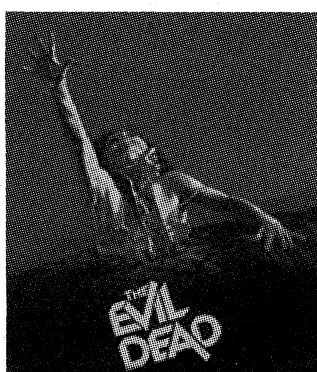
The G'mork

So, imagine you're a kid who hunts the purple buffalo in the land of Fantasia, when suddenly you're called upon to find a cure for the Child-Like Empress' mysterious illness. You find out that this illness is directly connected to The Nothing, a force bent on negating existence. Then you find out you're being stalked by a large, vicious wolf. What's worse? When you find him in a cave he decides to have a chat with you. A fucking sit-down! What the hell? He's a talking wolf who calls himself the G'mork, and he's a bloodthirsty fiend devoted to protecting The Nothing. He is fucking scary. Very scary. A fucking scary, talking beast.



Jasming's Face in Season 4 of Angel

I'm not going to give it away.



The Evil Dead

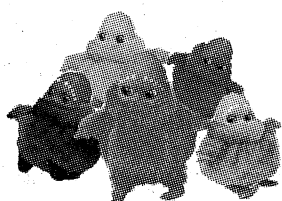
This movie was scary as all hell.

PRESS Staffers' Top 5 Scary Things

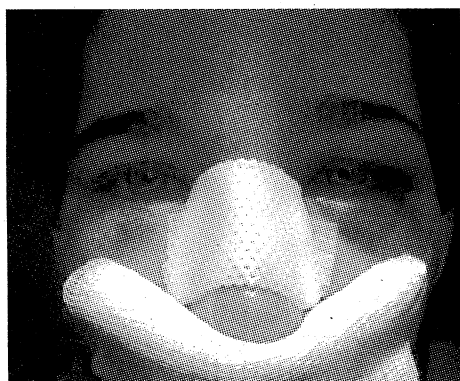
Top 5 Scary Things - The Stony Brook Press

Elizabeth Kaplan

Boohbah

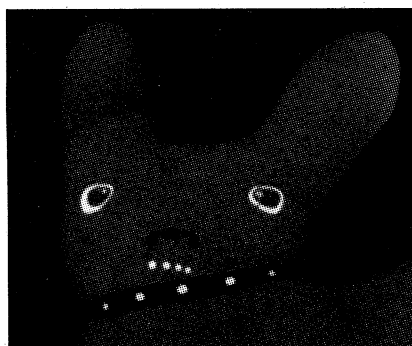


If you've never heard of them, it's this kids' show on ABC in which brightly colored, soft-looking blobs bump stomachs and coo. They also repeat their names over and over.



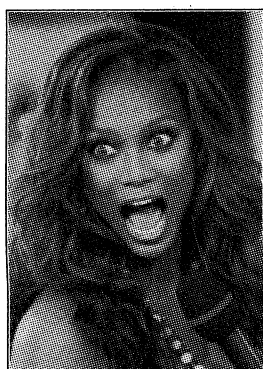
My face after my surgery

I had reconstructive rhinoplasty/septoplasty last year after a bad fall down the stairs, and looked like this. I definitely frightened some people on the street.



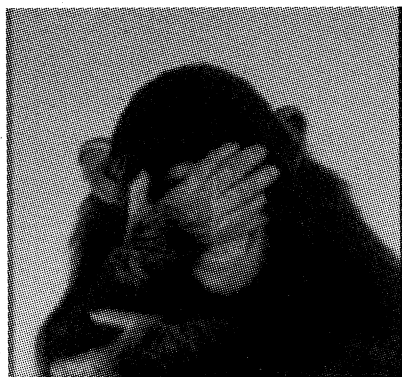
Stuffed dog with scary eyes

Last Halloween, my friends and I were watching *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* in my room, and this stuffed dog that I have was on the floor. I looked down and he was staring right back up at me with these glowing, demonic puppy-eyes. Scary!!



Tyra Banks

Tyra Banks's face without makeup. Or, her talk-show hosting techniques. Her forehead. I could go on. She is overall incredibly spooky.



Getting Caught

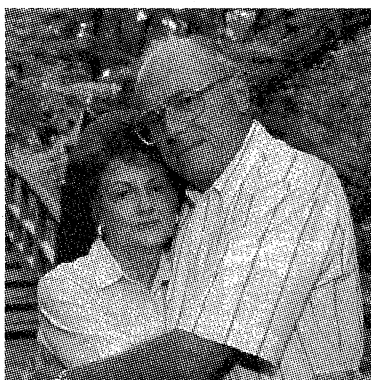
My younger sister creeping down into the basement and catching me going down on my ex-boyfriend. I need not elaborate.

PRESS Staffers'

Top 5

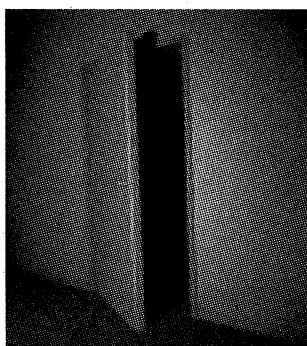
Scary Things

Marta Cyvel



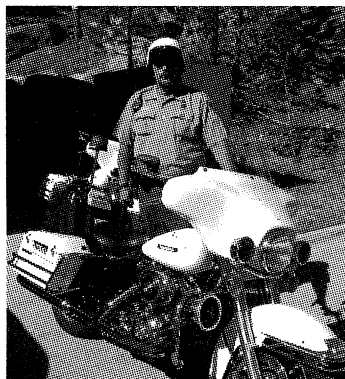
Cutting Class

Cutting class in high school and coming home with my partner-in-crime and fellow *Press* colleague to what I thought was an empty house, but instead finding the front door chained... Then my dad opening it in boxers and shoving us out the door to take out the garbage. Later on, my blushing mother guiltily preparing food, barely looking us in the face. You do the math. Creepy.



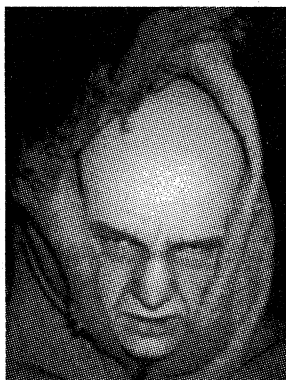
Wardrobe Malfunction

OK, this one really did scare the crap out of me in junior high. I came home from school one day and while putting my coat away witnessed my closet door sliding to the side a few inches **WITHOUT ME TOUCHING IT**. It was like a scene from a scary movie. I completely flipped out and ran out of the house. Wardrobe malfunction indeed.



Case-of-the-Sliding-Door

Part II of my Case-of-the-Sliding-Door. I cower in fear at the neighborhood library reading at some table. All of a sudden a big burly cop comes in **HOLDING A PICTURE** of me. I hide my face in a book but he comes up to me anyway and grunts, "Is this you?" I had to admit the inevitable. Turns out my parents got freaked out and called the cops. Oh, the trauma...



Eastern Europe

Ah, the pleasures of a summer in Eastern Europe. The air is fragrant, the sun is shining, I'm sitting at a local park smelling the roses... with an old alcoholic stranger next to me, eyes glazed over and about to pass out (Ykraïna can I get a shout-out?!). Suddenly he leans over and starts to make kissing noises aiming for my bare shoulder. I let out a bloodcurdling scream: "Aaaaaaah I wanna go back to the states!"

My Weird Roommate

She woke me up every night to the sound of a rhythmic banging. At first I tried to ignore it, but then started looking over to see what went on. She was cryptically banging the back of her head with her palm. The thoughts going through my mind at the time: some ancient tribal ritual? A way to make her think?? A ploy to freak the fuck out of me??? When I finally asked her about it, after weeks of scared silence, she replied..."Oh, I just do that because my head is itchy." Whew. And then..."But this is the first time I've done it, so whatever you've been hearing, it wasn't me." Dun dun dun...



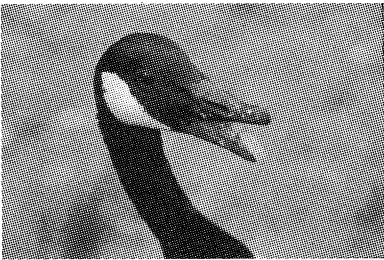
PRESS Staffers' Top 5 Scary Things

Berta Remik



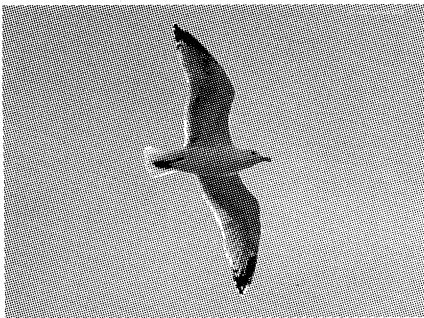
How my parents met

On a nudist beach.



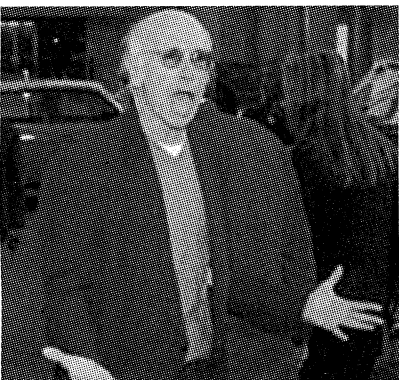
Campus Geese

Straight out of a Hitchcock film, these dirty animals follow you with their eyes, rudely squawk and advance without any inhibitions into your personal space.



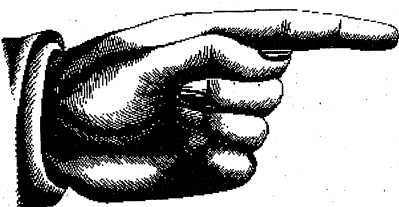
Seagulls

I know there's a prevalent bird theme here but this was traumatic for me: summer of 1995. A gull stole my wiener at Jones Beach.



The "Stop and Chat"

Those of you that are socially inept can relate. You see an acquaintance in the distance, heading your way. You immediately become fidgety and scan your surroundings for a quick escape hatch. But it's too late! They are now within earshot and have spotted you. The "Stop and Chat" occurs once you've decided that you know/like/care about them enough to stop walking and engage in small talk. Other times a wave and a forced smile will do.



This

The inanity of this list is scary.

PRESS
Staffers'

Top 5

Scary
Things

Steve McLinden



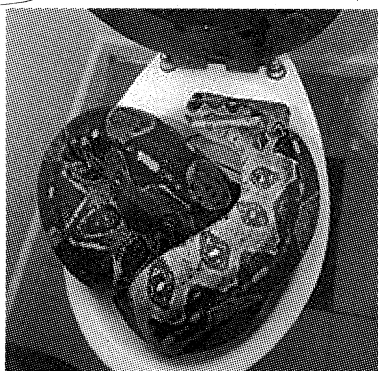
Underwater Levels in Sonic The Hedgehog

So I was probably about eight years old in the glory days of Sega Genesis. And when you're in the Aquatic Ruins, you can't be underwater for more than a certain time without breathing. The screen begins to countdown from five as suspenseful music plays, and, holy shit, it scared the crap out of me. I can feel my pulse rate rising just thinking about it.



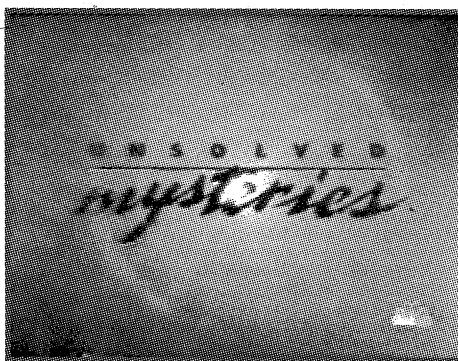
Zoobizz Zoo

This crappy kid's TV show about people dressed as animals was on TLC in the late '80s/early '90s, and I hated it. It's a bunch of actors wearing costumes and makeup to look like animals; what the fuck is that? Like that parrot girl, she just wears a parrot suit, but her face is exposed and she has a beak and talks like a parrot would. I don't mind sports mascots or Disney characters in costume, but humans with animal features, now that freaks me out. Fucking furries.



Snakes in Toilets

Do you ever go in the bathroom and look before you sit down, just to make sure there are no serpents rising from the water? Because you should. Every once in a while, you'll hear a story about it. Some woman in Florida was bitten by a snake in her toilet. In England, some guy disposed of this massive boa constrictor in an apartment's drains and it'd come up while people were using the "loo." As if you didn't have enough reason to hover while pooping in the Union.



Unsolved Mysteries

I mean, it was on Lifetime, it shouldn't be scary. But people who say this didn't freak them out a little are probably lying. I guess it was all those stories about dead people and that Robert Stack narrator guy's creepy voice. But the theme music was the worst. If you ever turned on the TV as this show started, the intro was all suspenseful and just incredibly spooky. It really needed a parental advisory warning; that way we could change the channel before the music started and scared the shit out of us.



Temple Guards

Out of all of the '90s cheaply-produced Nickelodeon game shows, *Legends of the Hidden Temple* was the best because it had a talking rock named Olmec. The Temple Guards were dressed as Mayan warriors or something, and they were there to make sure kids didn't win any prizes. They'd just jump out and basically molest the kids, and sometimes they hid in enchanted trees with a face and branches as armholes for molesting. OK, so the Guards weren't particularly scary, but what if one of them ran out of the woods while you were walking to Javits and grabbed you?

PRESS Staffers' Top 5 Scary Things

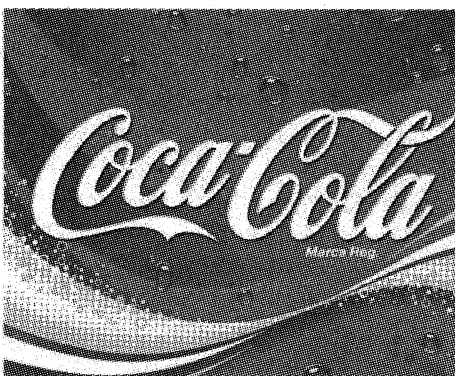
Top 5 Scary Things - The Stony Brook Press

James Messina



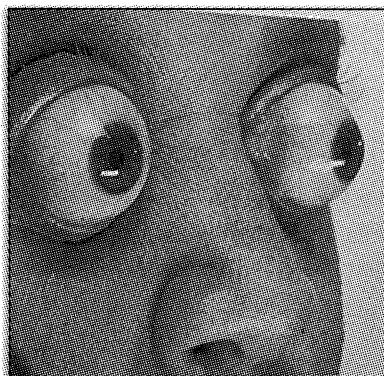
Responsibility & The Future

I capitalized that shit for a reason. I don't want to go into this too deeply because I'll sound like a whiny pussy. But rest assured, nothing scares me as much as this combination of things.



Cola

I don't have to explain this one. It's an irrational phobia. I can't stand to be around it. I needed to volunteer for high school once, did a bottle drive. Never again.



Having your eyes removed ...

Having your eyes removed by some scary dude, and then having him clang about with various metal implements while you lay helpless and blind — Axiomatic. Shit, that'd suck. You wouldn't know what he was going to do with you, but all that clanging? You'd get ideas. Fuck you, scary dude.



Heights

I'm scared of heights. I don't mind being high up; I like it. I climb trees a lot. The part I hate about heights is the wobbling. In middle school, you'd have to climb that rope in gym class. I could do it like a fucking sailor 'til I got to the top and realized how fucking wobbly it was and how small the piece of metal holding that rope up was. Same situation with trees. A strong wind is enough to convince me to scabble back down.



Goth kids

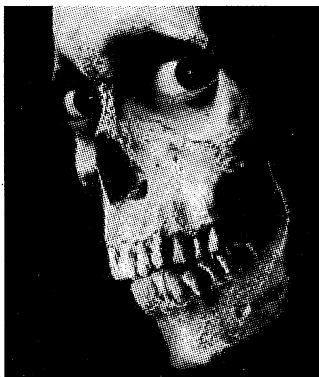
Nah, kidding. You guys aren't as scary as you think you are. At all.

PRESS
Staffers'

Top 5

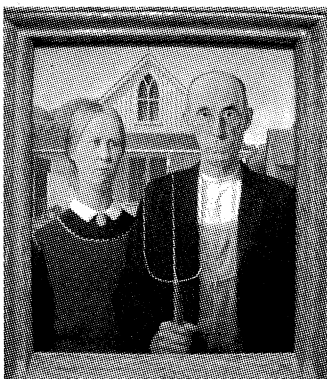
Scary
Things

Stephanie Hayes



The Evil Dead

This one Valentine's Day, David and I decided to watch the *Evil Dead* trilogy. I hadn't seen the first one before and it scared the bejesus out of me. Now that I've given it a few more viewings, I have no idea why I was so terrified. Maybe it's because I associate Ash with humor and didn't know how to handle a serious Bruce Campbell. Or maybe it's because it was after midnight and I'm still afraid of the dark. Whatever. I had some Valentine's Day nightmares, I'll tell you what.



American Gothic

A bunch of cocky, raucous teenagers get lost and stuck with a bunch of backwoods psychos. I know; it's a tired plot. But this one is really scary! Apart from Dennis Hopper, Rod Steiger is the creepiest male presence ever to grace the silver screen. Jed from *Oklahoma!*? That's Rod Steiger! Whoa -- I shuddered just typing his name out. I don't know what else to say about this movie. There are fifty-year-old children that sleep with each other and sharp objects that collide with people's heads.



Mrs. Pearson in Angel Season 1, "Rm w/a Vu"

Cordelia moves into her dream apartment, but it's haunted by a freaky old woman. I'm too lazy to look up the exact exchange so here's what I remember. Cordelia's all like, "I'd rather die than give this place up!" and you hear an angry ghost woman cackling away, "Hahaha! If that's what you want, dear! Hahaha!" Apparently some people think Mrs. Pearson is comical but I shrieked out loud and pulled the covers over my face. I decided to never ever live alone no matter how fantastic the apartment seems.



Killer Clowns from Outer Space

I ran out of movies that have actually frightened me. I know there are a lot but I can't think of 'em. My manager reminded me of this little gem. Did you watch this as a child and fear that your brains were going to be turned into cotton candy? I did! Ah! Clowns! My friend and I decided to watch it a couple years ago. We rolled our eyes and laughed at the shitty acting, but secretly I was still afraid.



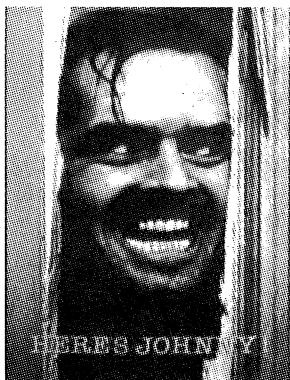
Ginger Snaps, Unleashed

Yeah. I'm all out of horror films capable of horrifying. You'd think with a category as broad as "scary things," I'd be able to think of something that isn't a movie but... nope. Anyway, the *Ginger Snaps* trilogy isn't scary, but it is awesome. *Unleashed* is the second and it's my fave. It brings to mind the best years in high school and is, you know, really satisfying.

PRESS Staffers' Top 5 Scary Things

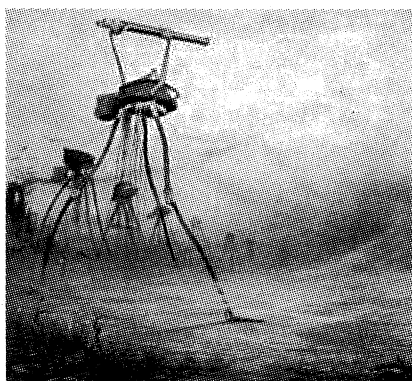
Top 5 Scary Things - The Stony Brook Press

Rebecca Kleinhaut



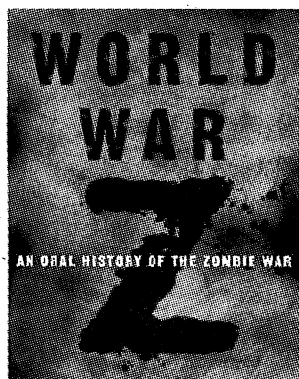
The Shining by Stephen King

Sure, Jack Nicholson is an awesome psychopath, but believe me when I say that the book is five hundred times scarier. I couldn't read it late at night or when I was by myself. The book touches on many things that the movie was forced to leave out, such as the journey that Jack Torrance takes into madness as he leafs through newspaper clippings about the history of the Overlook Hotel. Also, those damn hedge animals are so much creepier than that thing dressed in that furry suit that is, ahem, "acting inappropriately" on another man (which, thankfully, does not appear in the book). Be prepared for a more explosive ending as well.



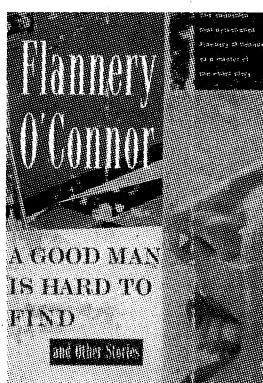
The War of the Worlds (Blackstone audio book)

I can listen to this over and over again and never get sick of it. I love the idea of people facing the destruction of mankind, and Christopher Hurt's narration really makes it frightening (in the best possible way, of course). H.G. Wells' story might be lengthy and a little tough to stomach on the page, but you'll be done with it after about five hours. And trust me, you'll want to start it over again, and again...



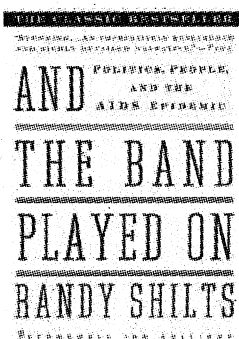
World War Z by Max Brooks

Another book about the destruction of the human race. An outbreak of zombies paralyzes every continent and wipes out more than half of the population. The scariest part isn't the gore, but the politics behind it. In the Ukraine, the lower class is hoarded into pens to act as a distraction so the more important people could escape, and Yonkers becomes the sight of the largest and most frightening battle as zombies from New York City outlast the ammunition of soldiers. Not only is it frightening, but it's also great political commentary, which is, of course, the scariest thing of all.



"A Good Man is Hard to Find" by Flannery O'Connor

This story really threw me for a loop. A murderer called "The Misfit" is on the loose in the South, and granny gets into a car accident. And granny gets it good. Not only did this put me through the psychological ringer, but its pro-religion sentiment makes it frightening as ever.



And the Band Played On by Randy Shilts

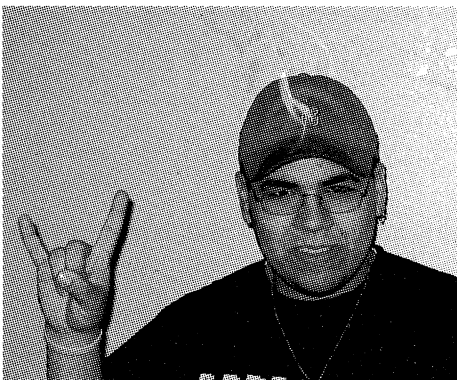
This account of the beginnings of the AIDS epidemic is a must-read for everyone. Randy Shilts was a San Francisco-based journalist who exclusively covered HIV and AIDS when it became a prominent issue. This is a great example of how the bigotry of some contributes to the deaths of many. Watch as our country's representatives fail to focus their attentions on HIV because of its brand as a "homosexual disease", while one flight attendant known as Patient Zero travels the world and spreads it even further. The scariest thing? It's all true. Now that gives me chills

PRESS Staffers'

Top 5

Scary Things

Joe Rios



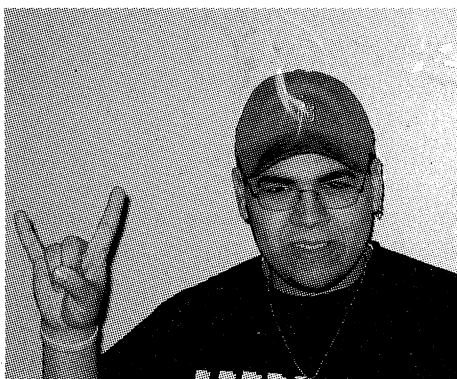
Ann Coulter

The most frightening woman from the Republican Right, Ann Coulter spends her spare time on Fox News, frothing at the mouth about just about everything imaginable, regardless of whether it makes sense or not. This bitch scares me... the only thing scaring me more is the thought of her spawning children ::hurl::



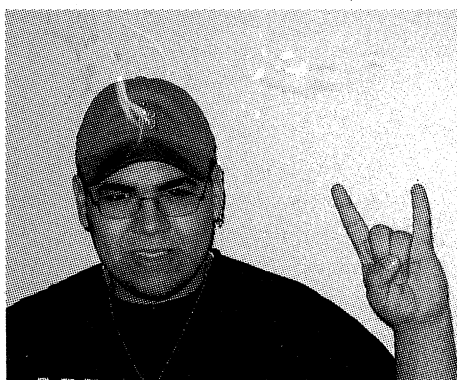
Deng Lee's

'Nuff Said!



Numbers that go on exponentially

Math is supposed to be precise and accurate in my mind. If you were to divide $2/3$, the output is .66666666666666... with sixes going on into infinity. That's not precise dammit! Fuck your calculator, I'll keep my $2/3$



Underneath the kitchen sink

I dread having to reach under the kitchen sink. It's dark, moldy, and usually filled with any variety of lethal chemicals. Also, due to its environment, I perpetually fear being bitten by something that might be (but most likely isn't) living under there.



The ghost of the canned bread

Despite the wonderful funeral service we had for the recently departed can of bread, the office hasn't felt quite right. Sometimes, late at night, I see canned bread in the corner of my eye, floating around the office. An eerie voice will often drift through saying, "James Mussina is a murderer... avenge my death..." We need an old priest and a young priest, or maybe just the Ghost Busters...

PRESS Staffers'

Top 5 Scary Things

Adina Silverbush



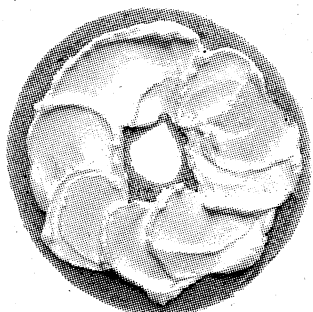
The Jowy Romano Mask from the last Halloween Issue

One Jowy Romano is scary enough. An army of 4,000 is pretty terrifying, especially when they all stand next to the real one and you can't tell the difference. I just wanna hug my mommy!



George W. Bush's foreign policy

Let's get the whole world to hate us and then see what happens, especially now that everyone has nuclear weapons!



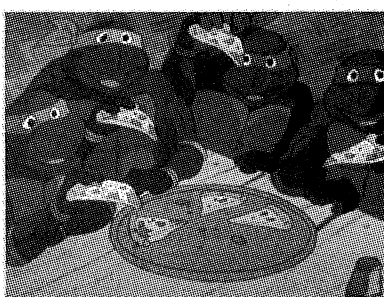
Cream Cheese

It's just really scary! If you put this near me I will start screaming like a little girl. Don't test me, it's the truth. Cheese cake however is awesome and doesn't scare me in the least, and yes I know it's made out entirely of cream cheese, and yes I know I'm crazy!



Killjoy

This movie involves a creepy clown who drives an ice cream truck. Killjoy the Clown gets called upon by the black magic of a nerdy guy in need of some help. The nerdy dude of course wants to steal the hot chick girl from her gang member boyfriend. This movie also includes what seems to be amateur teenage porn. Honestly this film is so freaking awful that it scares me to think that they made a *Killjoy II*.



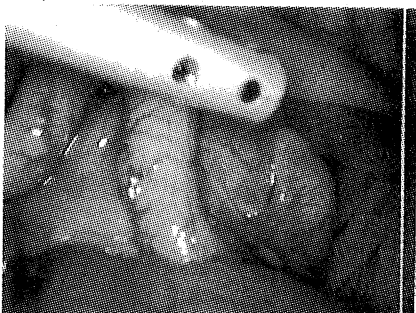
The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles

Not only are they human size turtles that are stealing the world's pizza supply, they are ninjas, mutants, and to make it all that much worse they're teenagers, and nothing's scarier than teenagers!

PRESS Staffers'

Top 5 Scary Things

Alex Walsh



My Appendix

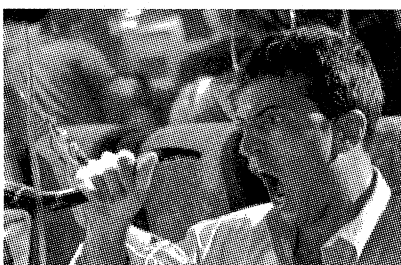
Isn't it simply wonderful that evolution—the same process that can be thanked for the development of the unquestionably awesome platypus—saw fit to give us an internal organ whose sole purpose is to maybe kill you? Well played, there. It's like that movie I heard about a while ago, where there's an android with a bomb in his ribcage. Not the kind of shit you want to live with. It could go at any moment. And I know it's going to choose the worst time. I'll have just struggled to overcome my crippling host of personal insecurities, and I'll be digging into a celebratory Choco-Taco when suddenly... BAM! Fucking appendicitis.

The end, brother.



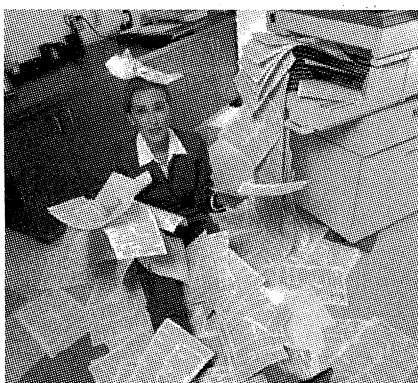
The Looming Shadow of Failure

Time for the appearance of the aforementioned "crippling host of personal insecurities." What's scarier than winding up living in a box in an alley with some dude named Lefty? Worse yet, the box could be in New Jersey. And not the nice parts of Jersey (I've never seen them, but they're rumored to exist). I mean full-on urban squalor. This is the kind of future I routinely imagine for myself. What exactly am I going to do with my major after graduation? Perhaps I should ask Lefty.



Snakes on a Plane

Bear in mind, I'm not talking about the movie here. I am discussing the real and growing threat of motherfucking snakes on a motherfucking plane. They say Jules Verne was a visionary because he predicted the development of submarines in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Perhaps Sam Jackson (I know he didn't write it, but he's the only name associated with this movie I can remember off the top of my head) is a visionary who has predicted the future number-one method of killing bitches you want dead. Now that the idea's out there, someone's going to perfect it. And the flying public—without a badass black dude aboard to tell us we need to put a barrier between us and the snakes—is screwed.



Things That Break In the Office When The Supervisor Isn't There

I'm sitting, doing some filing. Someone starts copying a stack of papers and walks away. All is well...for now. But I know that that monstrosity is going to jam up, and I'm going to get blamed. There's no logic to it. I didn't touch the machine. I don't even know what it's copying. But whatever desk jockey is responsible for it left a staple in, and now the machine sounds like a pair of thoroughly unhappy pigs trying their best to make another thoroughly unhappy pig. And, somehow, my supervisor is going to find a way to make it my fault. (Note: This is about an insurance agency I used to work at. To my current employers at the library, I've never had issues with your just and fair treatment, or the top-shelf equipment I work with. Please continue paying me.)



My Shadowy Nemesis

Last semester, someone impersonated me in order to get a spare key to my room from the Quad Office, which he then used to enter the room (I can't really say break in, seeing as he used a key, and was kind enough to lock up behind himself when he left) and steal my roommate's Xbox 360. So I know that somewhere out there, there's some kind of Bizarro Alex Walsh. Someone who has my old key and Kaleb's 360. He's probably evilly cackling as we speak. Hey man, if you're reading this, I want to let you know you're an asshole. But a clever asshole, so I can kind of respect that. Had you merely ripped open the screen and crawled in, you would get no respect. You still don't get much, but... good show, chap. Fuck you.

PRESS Staffers' Top 5 Scary Things

Andrew Pernick



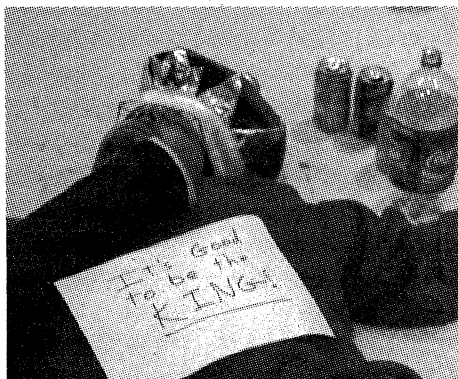
Heights

Heights are the scariest thing in the world. Everything should be limited to one to two stories, tops. Stairs are evil, but elevators are the work of Beelzebub's Bunghole, especially when they don't operate smoothly.



Event Horizon

That film was the work of seriously disturbed people in desperate need of centuries' worth of therapy. Sam Neil is a mother-fucker, a true genius in this mindfuck of a film. This movie should be watched alone, during the darkest, stormiest of nights, just so that you can experience the true sense of dread and terror this movie instills.



Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist

This man, and I use the term quite loosely as he is more aptly described as a handmaiden of Satan sent to Earth to do His bidding and bring about the apocalypse, is so far to the right that he is clinging to the edge of the cliff at the boundary of the political spectrum by the fingernail of his non-dominant hand's pinkie. He is scarier than anything save heights or the movie *Event Horizon*. Avoid this leader of the Four Horsemen as he is the Typhoid Mary of the End of Days.



Widths

If standup comedian Stephen Wright is afraid of them, it's good enough for me.



The red cat's eye from the Flash comic book Broken Saints

It's a Fnord. Don't see the Fnords. The Illuminati place Fnords to scare us into submission, and the cat's eye is a Fnord. Since The Illuminati controls everything, including you, and since they want you to see the Fnords, fear the cat's eye as The Illuminati are my masters. You didn't hear that and I'll probably be killed in an "accident".

PRESS Staffers'

Top 5

Scary Things

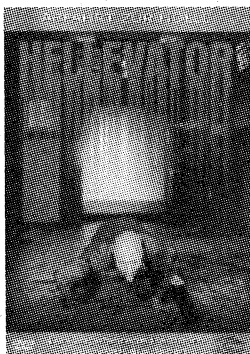
Jonny Romano



The Condoleezza Rice for President in 2008 Facebook Group

I thought this was a joke when I first saw it. Then I got scared... really scared when I realized it wasn't. The thought of having this woman as our President sends all sorts of chills down my spine.

Go ahead and check it out for yourself at: <http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=2208385572>



Staller Center Elevators

I have a recurring dream about dying in an elevator. Every time I ride the Staller Center elevator on the Music side, I fear my dream will come true. This elevator jumps about a foot as it stops at each floor, causing the passengers' insides to feel like Jell-O being flung at a ceiling. If you value your life, unlike my lazy self, I would advise against riding this death trap.



Canned Bread

There is no greater fear than that of the unknown. When a can of bread appeared in the office, I immediately asked myself a multitude of questions. Who broke into a bomb shelter from the 60s and brought this here? Is it still edible? Do you have to cook it? Why the hell is it in a can? I must say, the idea of bread in a can freaks me out to this day.

JESUS CAMP

LOKI FILMS and A&E INDIEFILMS PRESENTS
a film by HERBIE EDWARDS and RACHEL GRADY
screenplay by MIRA CHANET and STEPHEN MONTGOMERY
music by THAT SHIT

Jesus Camp

What Top 5 scary things list would be complete without a scary movie? This one has all the essentials—zombies, cults and creepy children. The scariest part is that the movie is non-fiction! If you are in the mood for a good scare check out this documentary.

Cockroaches: The Unwanted Squatter

So I just went to wash up for bed, and it's roughly 3:45AM. I run into a chair right outside the door to the common area on the way to the bathroom. So, after whispering profanities in the dark, I manage to fumble around and turn on the light switch to the two lights we have set up in the room. Like all Kelly dorm rooms, the main light is put in the most convenient place in the common area — the entrance — which, once you walk through a mini-4 foot hallway, you can enter the actual common area through.

So the light sucks, I'm getting away from the point of this article and you want me to get on with it. I turn the light on. I then proceed to move the chair out of the way so that I won't stumble on it on the way back, and so my roommate, Kenny, who is sound asleep, won't trip on it either. Fuck the other suitemates, they put the damn thing there.

I don't know about the rest of you guys or gals out there, but I, for one, happen to have a 6 foot tall by 4 foot wide bus shelter poster from one of the arguably best movies ever, Batman Begins. More off topic. In front of that poster is the row of fridges. Mine is the biggest, double size I guess is the best way to explain it — roughly four feet tall. Next to them are my roommate's and my suitemate's mini-fridges, like two feet tall each and they're stacked on top of each other, so they're roughly the same height as my fridge. Yay for all of our vivid imaginations. I'm getting to the story now.

On the edge of my suitemate's fridge I see something move. Very small. It's a mini cockroach. Fucking yay! I'm like OK man, you're history, or some such crap. I can't really recall. So I see it scurry and I try to follow it by opening up the fridge door. Fuck, four more! So I scramble, caught off guard and, armed with my trusty Bounty Super-Absorbent, I manage to kill only one of them, the rest scurrying into the dark. Then, next to my beloved Batman poster, I see another one. I move in for the kill. I strike. I miss. It falls into the basket we keep our paper towels and plastic knives n' such in. I move it out of the way and I see it stunned for a moment and then, like the Flash, it vanishes.

Strike 4 of the night. I'm retired. So that led me to writing this: bitching about the cockroaches. If this were the first time I had a roach in my dorm, no biggie. And I mean cockroach, 'cuz I don't smoke pot. Ever. I lived in James College in H-Quad. While it wasn't the best place to live, I

never had a roach or even ants. So I guess I had it pretty good. When I moved to Kelly though, wow. Things changed.

The first sighting I heard of like a fairy tale. My roommate and suitemate, owners of the two respective fridges, incidentally, found it and killed it in my room. They said two inches long and red. Fast motherfucker to boot. I found it hard to believe that it was that big, but whatever. Two nights later, I was going to bed and put on the television to lull me to sleep. My roomie had already conked out, so I put the volume low even though a battleship horn couldn't wake him, I know, I've tried... don't ask. Anyway... I'm channel surfing and I am rewarded with *Scrubs*. The second I put it on, he's awake and asking what channel it was on. I tell him. It's a friggin *Scrubs*-fest in my room.

...I see it stunned for a moment and then, like the Flash, it vanishes.

As it's winding down, he says that there's something moving on his wall. I don't know if you all know how Kelly rooms are laid out, but picture a Z-shaped room almost. His bed is on the top part of the Z and mine was on the diagonal bar. So I couldn't see his wall. He said it scurried down under his bed. He knew what it was. I only speculated. So, on go the lights. We take his bed away from the wall and examine. Nothing. Ok, now what? We look under my desk, which is perpendicular to his wall, and I find it under my desk, around my power strip. FUCK IT'S HUGE! Just as they described before. So me being the manly guy I am, I manage to find Mr. Bounty and I have at it. Now I must admit, I'm from Long Island. Nassau County to be exact. I've never seen a roach before this. So I don't know its speed or what to expect.

So I try to crush it. Fucker jumps... under my bed. Ok, let's move everything. I find it under my guitar bag. Ok, move that and kill it. Fucker jumps again. Can't find it. My roommate and I take everything... everything out from under my bed. Nothing. I look under there. Nothing. Ok, I'm pissed, tired and I can't sleep knowing that there's this

insect jumping around in my room, my sanctum, my Fortress of Solitude (that I share with another guy). Anyway, I lose it. So we tear apart my roommate's bed. Maybe it covered that great distance on its own. Nada. At least we got to reorganize under our beds.

Grudgingly we both decided to go to bed: these things only come out when it's dark anyway. So, we turn to good old That 70's Show to put our hearts at ease and lull us once again to dreamland. Five minutes later my roommate yells, "It's on your dresser, I saw it move across the drawer!" We get up, turn on the lights and sure enough that's it, ugly, red, and big as I remembered it. So I get my sandal to kill it. It jumps... into my closet... into my laundry bag. Fucker! I move it out of the way and we see it, in the closet, trapped! I go for the kill. Miss. Miss again (yeah, I suck at this, durr). My roommate takes the sandal and makes fun of my masculinity. The thing is still running around and it jumps over the track for the closet curtain and my roommate brings up the sandal and WHACK!! Decapitates it. Nice. It's still wriggling. Sweet.

So I go to my quad office and tell them we have cockroaches. Two days later, they put paper traps along the perimeter of the room. Wow, forty-five cent traps. Could they spare it? I don't eat in my room. My roommate's way too anal to eat in there, too. So, what about the common area? The place we all eat in and have some slob suitemates and people that leave garbage on the floor. I'm talking literally garbage, like the bags or wrappers their food came in. The sandwich's wax paper. Ketchup containers, etc. Not to mention dirty beer glasses. We're all to blame, but roaches? Come on.

I don't know what this rant is supposed to do for the campus, what it is supposed to do for you all. You read it this far, so it's obviously somewhat captivating. Umm, I guess that's it. My roommate's still sleeping and I can't because I have just seen filth. Utter filth. I hope some of you were reading this whilst eating and I made you sick or offended some of you. Maybe some animal rights activists. Good. They're cockroaches! They don't deserve to inhabit this planet! ... According to my professional opinion, of course. How do you people from the city deal with this shit? I can't stand it.

—Trevor Hirst

Fuck You, Shower Skank-Assjack

Dear Twathelmet,

I know what you did. It's not as though you were subtle about it. I innocently went to shower two days ago. This being a corridor-style dorm, and this being Stony Brook, two of the four showers are functional on my floor. Of the two, one of them has water whose temperature cannot be controlled. So, of course, you took the good shower. I clambered into the remaining stall and started the water up. I stripped myself all bare-ass naked-like. As anyone knows who's ever showered in a room where other people are, it's an awkward moment right before you get under the water. It was in this very self-same fragile moment that you entered yourself. I heard a noise, as though the earth itself were being rent apart through your nostrils. "HoooOOOOO-AAAAAC-CCCHHH!" This was followed by the noise I've come to recognize over the years as someone spitting an enormous loogie. Damn, it must have been a big one. All right, whatever. It won't make for the most pleasant shower ever, but I can live with it. That's why I wear shower sandals. You did it again, though. You hocked

another fucking loogie, this one somehow louder and more intrusive than the last. What the fuck? Are you half llama? I'm not even sure I'm being sarcastic; that noise couldn't be human. I began to scrub away, shampoo and soap doing their respective thangs like it was, in fact, no thang at all. The hocking continued unabated

As you were in the shower, I suspect tissues weren't being used...

during this, and I was growing increasingly agitated. Surely, I thought to myself, there's nothing else you can do to ruin this shower for me. Sir, bless your timing. As this thought was running through my head, I heard the sound of a nose being blown. As you were in the shower, I suspect tissues weren't being used, and that you probably just put your two hands together against your

nose. Don't get me wrong, I think in the tuberculosis-ridden England of the past you'd fit right in. But, as is, you're just one disgusting motherfucker. Why do you bother showering if you're just going to cover yourself in a layer of mucus like a fucking clownfish? You took the good stall just to get yourself dirtier than when you started? You bastard. Frustrated yet clean, I stepped out of the shower, toweled off, and proceeded to beat a hasty escape. As the bathroom door swung closed, you blew me a metaphorical kiss goodbye. "Hurr-AAAACKK.....AKKK!" to you too, man. This letter is just to tell you that maybe next time you could simply empty the contents of your nose and phlegm-plagued throat on your own time. Douchebag.

Cordially yours,
James Messina

P.S.: To the motherfucker that jerks it in the showers: heh. Nice, dude. I would too, but I can't jerk it standing up for some reason.

I Cheated Death...and Won

8/25/2006

It was just another Friday afternoon on my way to work at a women's clothing store. The weather was damp, humid, and drizzly, post-rain with shady skies. I drove my way up to Caleb's Path and switched to the right lane with the vehicle in front of me now on my left as I waited for the stoplight to go green.

It turned green, and I started turning left, assuming I'd complete the turn, go forward on Motor Parkway, wait for another light, check the day's petrol prices, and jump on the LIE to Huntington with no problem. I assumed wrong. As I made that left-hand turn in my right lane, I met the pick-up truck that introduced itself to my driver's side without warning. We hit it off right away.

We collided, and the feeling was so unreal. I never even thought I could be in the position that I was in on that day. The impact was so great that my body rocked and swayed inside the vehicle like I was in a Texas rodeo with the seat-belt holding me back. My head and face connected with the airbag with a feeling of being hit like never before. God bless the airbag.

After it was over, I was left with this amazing feeling that I had been in this unimaginable situation and I was still alive, amazed that this had happened to me. In a matter of just five seconds after impact, I got right out of the passenger's side of the car and surveyed damage. Needless to say, the truck driver was more shaken up than I was. He couldn't contain himself.

His truck, mostly intact, had pushed my car onto the middle of the street. That was how powerful the crash was. Within minutes, the police arrived to check up on me. By that time, I was smiling like it was nothing because already the incident had fucked itself and failed, and I knew everything would be all right. I sat on the back of the truck, thinking about how lucky I really was like I had never done before. I was also thinking about Jenny, the one person in my life who had really cared for me since day one, and how sad and distraught she would be if I came out crippled or brain-dead, the dramatic transformation from the lively, dynamic, animated me to a flat-lining, lifeless spectacle.

The fire department came, and, lo and behold, the first person from the department who helped me was this guy Nicholas who was my former schoolyard bully from my grade school and high school years. He hadn't believed he would see me in a situation like this, but it was good times until the department laid me out on the stretcher and put me into the ambulance for safety's sake. I was then introduced to Patrick, another person I hadn't seen since middle school who is now part of the department. The good times kept on

coming.

Back at work, all the women supervisors had no idea that I wouldn't be showing up to work. They had no idea that I was in a car accident, yet. They decided I was late for work, and I'm never late to work. The clock was ticking.

I was already at the emergency room, lying on the bed being checked out by medical staff and holding my broken and bleeding nose. My face felt burnt, bruised, and swollen from the impact of the airbag. I had also received a good headache from the impact. My face was puffy and zenfully painful for days. From there my family was with me, and we all put together the pieces of the puzzle of what else had happened at the scene of the accident. My brother White Boy had heard what happened and death-raced toward the scene upon finding out about my accident. I had my mom call work and tell them that I wouldn't make

and crushed. It had a massive dent no mechanic could ever fix; totally hopeless. The windshield redrew itself as a cracked spider web while keeping itself together. No back windshield; it was gone. The back left tire also was torn apart. The end result of the accident was just as pleasing as a life revelation: you can't prepare for these things, they just happen out of nowhere and you end up dealing with it. The outcome is always ugly to experience and to look at.

In a few days, I found out a lot of things concerning my accident. My family and I found out that the driver of the truck did indeed blow the red light and was fearful enough to admit it on record. My brother showed me a piece of the truck's front bumper that shot through the side window upon impact, just missing my cranium by an inch or two and ending up in the backseat of my car. Had I taken off from the light a split-second later or went just a little slower, that piece of fender would have impaled me and I wouldn't have ever woken up from the accident. My brother also explained to me that the entire back windshield flew off of my car in one piece and was recovered from the front lawn of an industrial building twenty feet from the accident site. After filling several forms out, sitting through some meetings with the insurance woman, and driving a rental 2005 Chevy Malibu (things by which to remember that time of my life), in due time the accident was all past, as if it never happened.

I look back and think about "what if," just "what if." What if I had left work a little earlier and had not caught that helping of an accident? What if I had been struck in the head with that fender piece? How much worse would that accident have been if that airbag had

not been there to save me? How would I have lived with myself and dealt with the new cards I'd been given? How would I have been, handicapped and debilitated, and how would others have thought of me? It all doesn't matter anymore because I'm still the same, if not even more resilient than ever before. I don't even think about it because it's inconsequential.

The first five or ten minutes after the accident, I laughed it off because I knew the Devil didn't get me. I knew I was going to be all right. Remember when you were twelve, thirteen, fifteen, seventeen, and whatever trouble you got into, you got out of it, and you felt invincible? That's how I felt. I was saved. I thanked my lucky stars that a seat belt and an airbag saved my life. They helped me cheat death, a gift only some people could ever have. Even though they're not 100% totally effective, as some people attest, every measure of safety is better than none.

I'm great, but the car is still shitty.

— Vincent Michael Festa



He's still alive, no I know, for real, right?

Vincent Michael Festa

it. My dad told me that everything would be all right.

By then the headache was getting heavier and heavier. I lay for a good hour wishing for a dream state because my mind just wanted to drift away from all the numbness I was dealing with. After being written up and released from the hospital, I was on my way home. Throughout the emergency room people stopped, looked, and stared at me like it was the Second Coming of Christ, as they had never seen a person in such horrible shape.

I retired home to take a shower, call work to verify that I definitely wouldn't make it, and tell Jenny that everything was A-OK. She said she'd be on her way that night to drop off some goods, and she did, among them some iced-tea, canned soda, fruit cups, string cheese, that week's news, and a teddy bear. She was talking to me about her road test for her license, and I showed her my car, totaled from earlier, which had made its way back home and was resting in my driveway.

I took pictures of the final result, which was twisted metal. The driver's side door was totally blown-in

Breast Cancer... Bullshit (cont.)

Continued from next page

piece of information that would help prevent most breast cancer. So why don't you hear about this on prime-time TV? Well it would be very bad business for the people who make treatment and detection options or those who sell the cancer drugs (who also fund the major news networks' airtime). Breakthrough information about prevention is also not a good news story if the pharmaceutical companies pay almost half of all the airtime for all the major news networks!

So what does Dr. Laibow recommend to her patients instead of mammography? Thermography; which detects cancer sooner, far more accurately and with no harm at all to the body since it relies on heat emitted by your body and takes a sensitive heat picture of your body. She explains, "...Because malignancies grow extra blood vessels, they emit more heat so they are detectable early and without danger."

Maybe it's time we actually turn October into Break Through the Breast Cancer Propaganda Month rather than letting the cancer Industry promote harmful mammograms and cancer drugs. Major health charitable causes usually act as corporations only caring about the bottom line. All that money is given to "researchers" who are on a never-ending gravy train and whose entire career is build of a cure never being found. The medical establishment wants people to get breast cancer, that's why they pressure women into getting radiation shot into their breasts and body each year under the guise of 'early detection.' Millions have been spent on traditional 'research' which seems to line the pockets of wealthy charities and the drug industry without ever finding a cure.

To me, it is inconceivable that a miraculous "cure" will ever be found. Imagine an announcement of the discovery of a cure for breast cancer (or any cancer or any disease) all over the news and in the papers...think it will come one day soon? No - it just seems so unbelievable, like a dream almost. How about anytime in the next 50 years? Nope - I can't imagine it.

On the other hand, let me totally contradict myself. There are at least dozens if not a few hundred cures for cancer - many have been banned because they would put the cancer industry out of business. Just look up the history of "Royal Rife". In short, he developed a frequency instrument that "zapped" cancer cells and killed them without damaging normal tissue. This technology is similar to how when an opera singer hits a certain note, the mirror cracks. (Nothing else cracks, just the mirror. Unlike chemotherapy which attacks cancer cells along with healthy cells). Yet this technology was persecuted and censored. No, Royal Rife was not a quack; he was actually the inventor of the universal microscope!

Time and time again inventors have been persecuted and jailed for finding cures for dozens of diseases. There is a natural cure for every single disease or adverse health condition that does not require drugs or surgery, and that have no adverse side-effects. The

American Medical Association and the Journal of American Medicine admit that 100,000 Americans die every year from side-effects of prescription or over-the-counter drugs! Up to 2.5 million are injured every year! Vioxx was not an isolated case - however, since the Bush Administration has taken office, only a couple drugs have been officially recalled compared to the dozens in the 1990's. Maybe that has to do with the financial backing of Bush and the Republican's election campaigns...pharmaceuticals were the LARGEST funders (industry-wise).

ously don't know that money makes the world go around. Just about anything we do in this world is for money. Why do we get up at the crack of dawn? Why are you in college? Why do we work toward winning scholarships? Why do we sue people? Why do we want health insurance? For those of you who don't believe any gigantic lie, just ask yourself, if there was TRILLIONS of dollars at your disposal, wouldn't you be able to have people work around the clock putting ads on TV, writing textbooks for schools, putting subliminal ads in magazines, buying season Jets tickets to

all the tri-state doctors, lobbying Congress around the clock, and brain-wash people to believe almost anything? Did you know that the top ten global Pharmaceutical companies have more combined wealth than the combined wealth of the other 490 of the Fortune 500 companies? And did you know that they do all those things with all their money in order to ensure their monopoly on medical treatment?

Many of you already know that psychiatric drugs are terrible and how the schools got money for each kid whose parents they were able to convince to go on Prozac. You may have heard about how anti-depressants may be useless and dangerous, causing increased suicidal risks while the companies hide the fact. But do you know about how vaccines actually have caused more outbreaks in disease? Or how thousands of people die a year from seemingly "harmless" Advil? Or how those pain relievers are related to cancer when in fact there are many free or cheap and side-effect-free pain relievers? Or what the natural cure for almost every disease is?

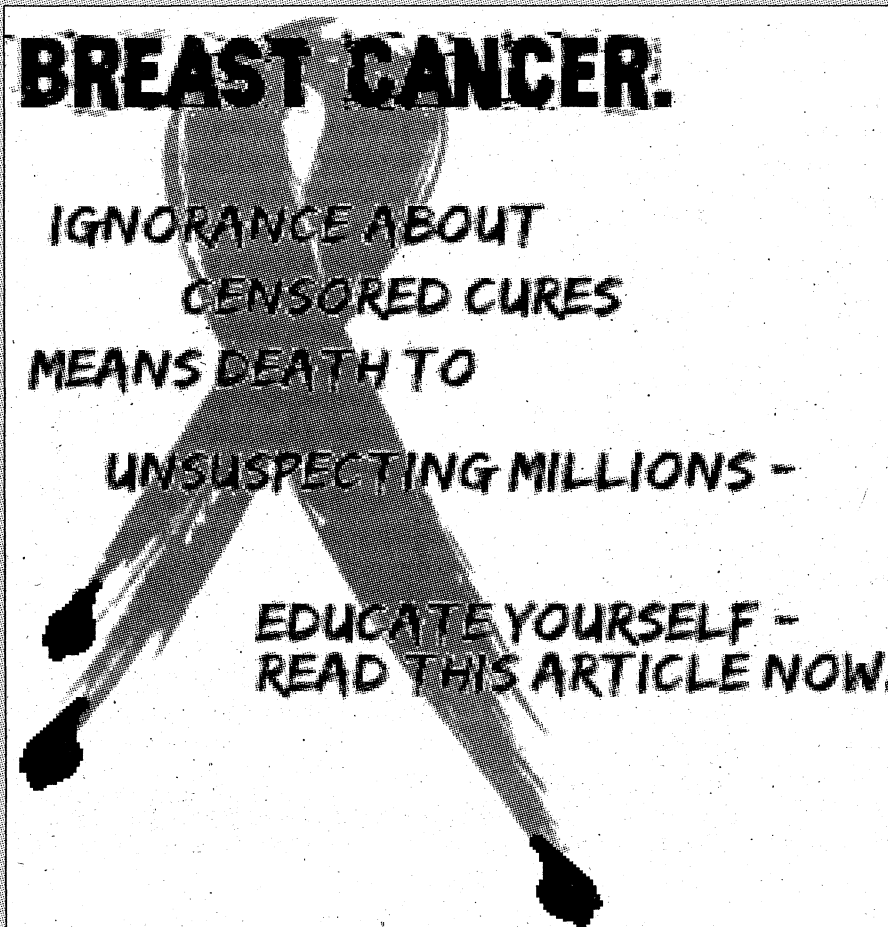
To answer these questions and more, I recommend everyone read the New York Times Best-selling book

Natural Cures 'They' Don't Want You to Know About by Kevin Trudeau, along with the follow up More Natural Cures Revealed: Previously Censored Brand Name Products that Cure Disease. They are available everywhere, but also are available for free on www.naturalcures.com, minus shipping and handling. For a list of alternative health and healing websites, and articles exposing pharmaceutical industry/medical establishment/government corruption, see www.myspace.com/fightbigpharma and www.newstarget.com and www.naturalcures.com.

And while you're at it, you may take this sage advice:

"...Walk for a cure because exercise reduces the risk of breast cancer. Eat for a cure because sensible, natural diets reduce the risk of breast cancer. Laugh for a cure because stress and loneliness reduce immune competence. Pray for a cure because people with sincere religious convictions live longer and healthier than those without them." ~Rima Laibow, MD, Natural Solutions Foundation, www.healthfreedomusa.org

—Matthew Rammelkamp



Pixels

Matt Rammelkamp

Did you know that in Germany, there is a cure for Prostate Cancer? But in the U.S. the treatment cannot legally be considered a "cure" because the Food and Drug Administration has passed a regulation saying that "only a drug can prevent, cure, or treat a disease." This is why you get more and more things being called a "disease." For example, acid reflux disease, which was "heartburn"; now is apparently a chronic condition. Now, only a drug can legally say on the package that it cures acid reflux. A big way for the drug companies to make money. Their ultimate goal is to have as many people worldwide taking as many of their drugs as possible every single day for the rest of your life. Once they have you on one drug, even OTC drugs, the toxic buildup will cause one or more of your organs or bodily systems to go in disarray, causing some other illness, which will end in you going on more meds. It's a snowball effect and they even conspire with the major food manufacturers to put chemicals in the food that make you sick so you can start taking drugs everyday for the rest of your life.

Don't believe any of what I'm saying? Think its all B.S.? I don't think anyone can deny this truism, "You can get the general public to believe anything with enough money." If you're denying this then you obvi-

Dear Progressives, Liberals, and Conservatives Alike

By Matt Rammelkamp

You are all getting filtered "news" and are missing the overall picture on 9-11 and everything else about politics today. September 11th was a complete inside job. There is virtually no real threat of terrorists from overseas in the Middle East. Osama bin Laden was not the mastermind. The actual threat is from the architects of the New World Order; they are the very tip of the hierarchical pyramid of global elitists and their pawns and patsies who planned and carried out 9-11, as well as almost every other big terrorist attack or prelude to war in history (see the film "TerrorStorm" (Alex Jones) on video.google.com).

If you actually think that Cheney, Rice, Clinton, or Kerry even think the stuff said on TV about the supposed threat of terrorism or how Saddam has WMDs is true, then your IQ must be on par with George W.

Our planet is being taken over, and every being on it may soon be under the control of a fascist one-world government where our everyday actions will be not only monitored but programmed into us with microchips and other mass mind-control techniques (Don't believe me? See google.video.com - "Microchip" - for a scary introduction). Anyone who does not ally him or herself with the world government will be Orwellianly declared an "enemy combatant" and then tortured and dehumanized by agents of the world army. This is actually law now in the U.S. because of the recent passage of the Military Commission Act of 2006, which allows the President, without checks and balances, to order any world citizen (including U.S. citizens) to be kidnapped and kept indefinitely without trial and tortured. It is also already law that we will all be issued National I.D. cards — many states have them already, and they are being slowly introduced, state-by-state.

Video-google the film "Painful Deceptions" for the full scientific proof explosives were used in the Trade Towers 1, 2, and 7, as well as evidence the Pentagon was struck by a missile and not an airplane. Go on Google Video and

search for other videos on "911 inside job" to get the bigger scope.

I'm ashamed of all leftists or progressives who refuse to even consider the information that will someday enlighten them with respect to the bigger picture and the bigger cause. They continue to spend much of their time and resources ignorantly fighting something because they are subconsciously (or consciously) self-programmed not to even want to know the complete picture, because they know if they change their route, there will be no living-wage salaries or internships-for-credit available, or their friends and family will think they are crazy conspiracists.

Our planet is being taken over, and every being on it may soon be under the control of a fascist one-world government...

It's amazing how the same sources that control the traditional news media control much of the "alternative media" and, in effect, mind-control everyone into the left-right paradigm while ignoring the real issues of relevance. Dear progressives: fighting against "the" war is pointless; even you agree they are going after more countries like Iran or North Korea next. The administration has claimed this war will not end in our lifetime, so why don't you spend your time working on the underlying issues that have brought this about? It's like taking an Advil for a headache instead of treating the underlying symptoms of your condition (emotional stress, a chemical-laden diet, lack of sleep, etc). Besides, even I'll admit that over-the-counter drug actually works to get rid of headaches. So far, you have all failed abysmally at coming close to ending the current war. All your efforts for the last four-and-a-half years have been in vain. Just ask yourself, are we even close to ending the war?

When you choose to do one thing, you choose not to do others. If we all abandon our useless issues and the battles that are either failing or are of no big consequence (compared to the larger picture), we can add to the momentum and strength of the grassroots underground and achieve a true awareness of what is really happening and who is really controlling the world. This movement of awakening has been coming to people who don't follow politics, by conservative right-wingers and leftists alike. We are all humans, and we have the same basic human instincts: we all want liberty, freedom, and safety for ourselves and for our families.

We should not be ideologically clashing because we are drawing humanity apart rather than together. There is no human who is left and there is no human who is right. We are all one. By changing your perspective and channeling your energies this way, you are actually healing the world as a whole, not just trying to heal Iraq. I mean this to reach people who are for the war and who are against it.

The major form of information that is not filtered and controlled right now is the Internet, and even that is under threat by the telecommunications oligopolies that seek to buy out the Internet and control its content (freepress.net). Of course, they are controlled by the same people who are for the war and who control everything else.

While the Internet still exists as a means for the free flow of information not talked about by traditional media sources, go check out the following terms or websites. Do web searches and video searches for Alex Jones, infowars.com, planetprison.com, illuminati.net, New World Order, Skull and Bones, Chemtrails, David Icke, davidicke.com, Bilderberg Group, and Bohemian Grove. I recommend that you first watch free documentaries online to quickly understand these concepts (these are concepts that you would need to take months reading about in books or websites; use youtube.com and video.google.com). For those of you who already think you know the whole truth behind 9-11: keep digging, because you've only pulled out a couple strands from a massive tapestry.

Breast Cancer Awareness Month is Total Bullshit

Truth goes through three stages:

- First it is ridiculed
 - Then it is violently opposed
 - Finally, it is accepted as self-evident
- ~Schopenhauer

It's pink ribbon time; time to raise money and walk for a cure...right? Wrong; the last thing the medical industry — or rather, the cancer industry — wants is a cure for cancer. Rima Laiblow, M.D., Medical Director of the Natural Solutions Foundation writes, "After all, cancer is the single most economically productive disease in the history of mankind. Never mind that valid, successful, and inexpensive cures for cancer are ruthlessly suppressed by the medical industry, even when you consider the shameful performance of my profession, organized medicine. Pink Ribbon

Season means well-crafted messages to encourage women all over America to have mammograms and undergo dangerous and often unnecessary treatment in the common event that the diagnosis of breast cancer is wrong."

"Breast Cancer Awareness Month is, simply put, a corporate strategy, sponsored by, among others, Astra Zeneca, which makes Tamoxifen. Every word, walk and wink associated with the ubiquitous pink ribbon must pass their approval process," Dr. Laiblow explains. "Perhaps you have noticed that, under the guidance of their direction of the charitable cause, "prevention" has become "early detection" and early detection means, pure and simple, mammogram\$\$\$.

So what's wrong with mammograms? According to the National Cancer Institute numbers, a decade of screening a woman's breasts will increase cancer risk by 20%! Mammograms are also shockingly bad at

finding cancer, according to Dr. Samuel Epstein, in his book *The Politics of Cancer*. He notes that the false negative rate for diagnosis is about 40% among women ages 40-49, which he cites from The National Institutes of Health. The NIH also reveals mammograms fail to detect 20% of malignant tumors in women. Mammograms may also spread existing cancer as painful pressure is applied to the breast causing cancer cells to spread before immune processes can kill them (which a healthy immune system does routinely).

In fact, Dr. John W. Gofman, an expert on the health impact of ionizing radiation, believes that 75% of breast cancer can be prevented by avoiding ionizing radiation (like in mammograms, at conventional dentist's, CAT Scans, etc). Well that's an amazing

Continued on previous page

Review: Paumanok Exhibition and Lecture on Native American Art

By Karen Shidlo

On entering the gallery, the eyes focus on the back of the space, where Alan Michelson's installation piece hangs on the back wall. What resembles body bags imprinted with various words and images—eleven of them, all different sizes—demands a closer inspection to distinguish what it means.

However, Sarah Sense's works are first. Bright and bold, they are woven digital prints portraying contemporary America's stereotypical perception of Native Americans, showing Caucasian females dressed up in conventional Indian wear. It is interesting that the medium the artist chose is weaving, using a traditional form to express Sense's disappointment with the disregard for her culture.

Lorenzo Clayton's silkscreens and lithographic pieces are surreal, creating a three-dimensional illusion of blackboards with chalk writing, but layered on top with colors. Clayton reveals his intent for the piece in his statement: "This print is a partial study of a broader concept that investigates articulating human emotions through mathematical equations."

Michelson's mixed-media installation resembles the work of Anselm Kiefer at first glance, and he is indeed this contemporary artist's major influence: particularly, says Michelson, with respect to "his [Kiefer] integration of German landscape, history and myth... as was his use of materials." There is a real sense of sadness when one stands in front of the wall where the bags hang, the size and multiplicity of them confronting and demanding the looker to identify with the connotations of the medium.

Jeffrey Gibson's paintings are textured, with silicone and rubber dangling off the edges and layers of oil on the wooden panel, creating dimensionality, which is appropriate, considering the context of the works. The one entitled "State of Emergency" depicts two men's faces coming close to each other, about to meet in a kiss; the bold colors which constitute the background and frame are explained by the artist as his idea of utopia, an important element in his Native American heritage.

The final series in the exhibition is that of Jason Lujan, who is politically active and whose main concern as an artist is to address the United States' government's policies towards terrorists and Homeland Security. Lujan cre-

ated a booklet imitating the format of US Military training manuals, but aimed at Native Americans, instructing them on how to fight against their enemy, the Americans. This piece is made up of ripped-out pages from his book, pinned neatly on the wall in columns, portraying a sense of organization and unity.

On Wednesday afternoon, contemporary Native American artists Nadima Agar, Jeffrey Gibson, and Sarah Sense

because her whole life is based upon the traditions and beliefs of her ancestors.

She was the first speaker and began her brief discussion of her works by recalling how she was always conscious of her legacy and how she felt different even in art classes at school, when the teachers pointed out her use of excessively bright colors. With slides of some of her pieces being shown behind her, she spoke of how the images she concentrates on representing are inspired

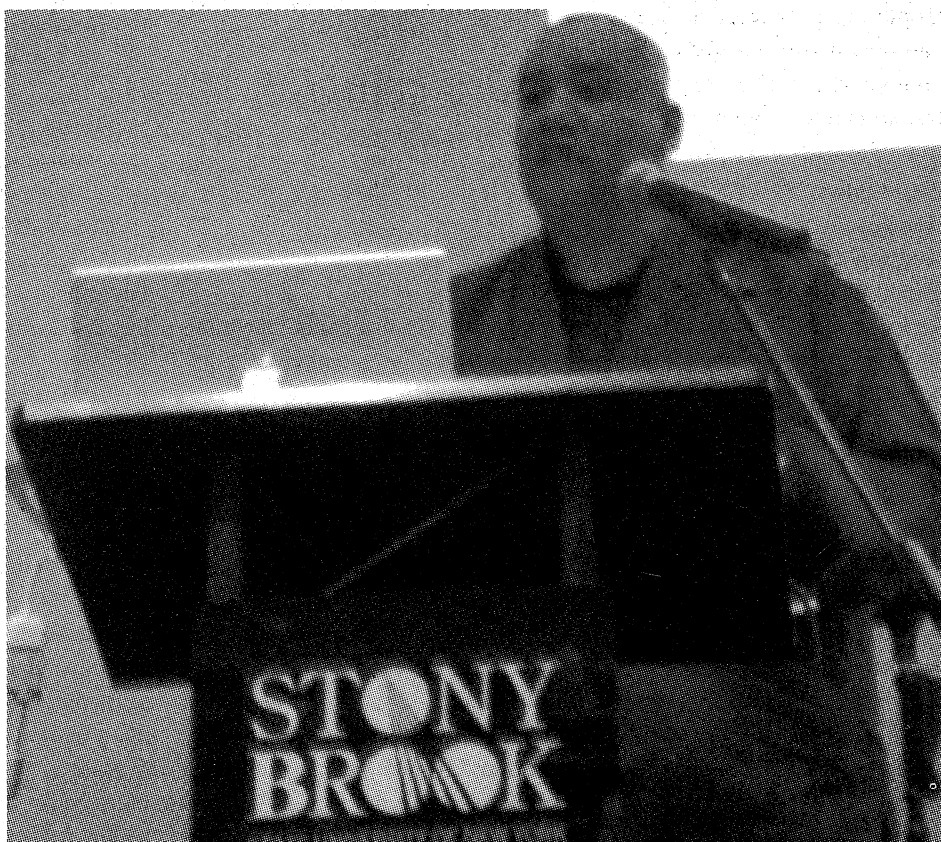
central smear could be interpreted as a nest and the colors around it animals, either coming toward it or else flying out of it.

Gibson noted that the comments concerning his work that bother him most are those which imply that he is abstract, which is a Western way to classify his art. He insists that his work is based on Utopia, the environment, and the exotic, all very much Native American ideas that outsiders to the traditions and myths could not grasp.

Sarah Sense was last to speak and began by describing the surreal experience of meeting a hundred relatives of whom she knew but had never met because she had been forbidden from seeing them until she was nineteen years old. Her grandfather is a chief at a tribe in a reservation, and it was after she spent some time there that she decided she wanted to learn some of the trades of the people; all she waited for was a motivation. It found her unexpectedly as she passed a caravan close to the reservation with a sign reading "Indian Tans," which she found ironically located; she photographed it immediately and developed her idea to make woven baskets from it. Sense said that it was important for her to stay true to the traditions of the process of making the baskets, so she modeled hers as closely as possible to one she bought from an artisan, making it the same size. It is important to note that the figures that are seen in her woven pictures are her dressed up in costumes which show personas borrowed from Hollywood's perception of Indians, and hence, cowboys.

As an artist, I found it most exciting when Sarah Sense spoke about the process of her work and not simply the end results, because it placed all of her pieces in context, something that would have otherwise been difficult to do, as it represents a culture which is not as ubiquitously understood as it should be. Nadima was one of the more interesting characters, a spiritual woman who spoke of ceremonies she attended and of how some of her prayers were answered when she called upon various gods for guidance in her art.

In conclusion, it was an exhilarating experience, and I am certain that Native American art will become more mainstream in the near future, simply from seeing a handful of artists devoted to promoting and celebrating their traditions in ways such that even those unfamiliar with those traditions can relate to them.



One of the speakers at the lecture

Vincent Michael Festa

all came forth to discuss their work, offering a brief insight into their lives and their motivation for creating work that represents a minority group.

A critical question was posed by Lloyd E. Oxendine (artist, art historian, and curator). Why did Gibson and the other artists sitting beside him on the stage choose to tackle the challenge of working with the obscure and limited subject of Native Indian art, when he has been immersed into American culture just as much and could create work for the popular, mainstream audience?

Nadima Agar answered his question concisely and directly, stating that, from the time she was a young girl, though she lived in New York City and not in the reservation among her clan, she was aware of how her heritage made her distinct and how she could not suppress her spiritual feelings. She always felt a close connection to "her people," as she referred to them, and so did not make a conscious choice in creating Native American rather than American art

and dictated by "the divine feminine," or the Earth Mother Goddess, who manifests herself in four ways. This explains her using the images of jaguar, bird, snake and butterfly, each symbolizing a different quality of the Goddess. She paints on canvas and attaches them so that they can be folded or hung, which is significant, as she described her work as "transformational."

Jeffrey Gibson started his talk by saying that he feels most connected with Sarah Sense, as they represent the same generation of Native Americans; his work does indeed look contemporary in the sense that one of the first slides he showed of his own work was a painting which incorporated graffiti markings on the canvas.

He described several of his intentions in his paintings, one of the most fascinating to me being his belief that passages of paint create narratives, sometimes haphazardly, but always having the ability to tell stories. He pointed to one of his paintings, showing how the

Bully: Making Going to School Rebellious and Fun

Video Game Review



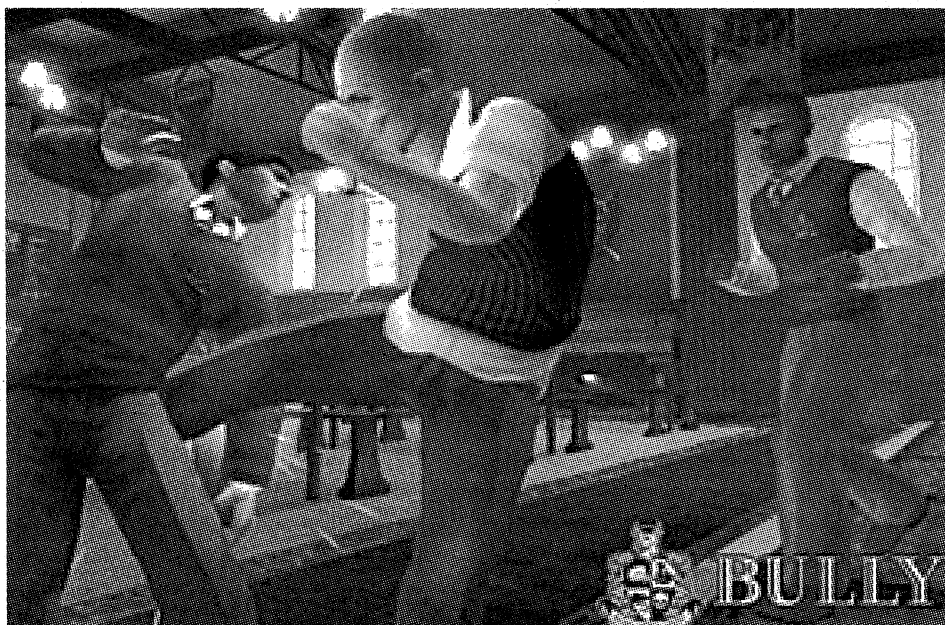
By Steve McLinden

Who'd have thought a video game about being a prep school student would cause such an outrage? Well, the game is called *Bully*, and it's by the same people who brought the world *Grand Theft Auto*. It's about getting revenge on the bullies in the protagonist's school. After both positive and negative anticipation, Rockstar Games has finally released *Bully* for the PlayStation 2, and it's worth all of the hype.

Jack Thompson, a Florida attorney who rose to prominence when he sought to have Miami rap group 2 Live Crew's album banned under obscenity laws, has

nity lover; he has the option to make out with fellow male students. Several British retailers have rejected the game, saying it goes against the store's family-friendly image. Toys 'R Us stores around the country hadn't yet stocked the game ten days after release, and while employees here on Long Island assured me that it should arrive soon, the game was also removed from their online store a few days after the seventeenth.

As fifteen-year-old student Jimmy Hopkins, the gamer is free to roam the campus of Bullworth Academy with just enough constraints to keep you within the storyline, which is pretty entertaining. As with most Rockstar games, the dialogue and environment is humorous,

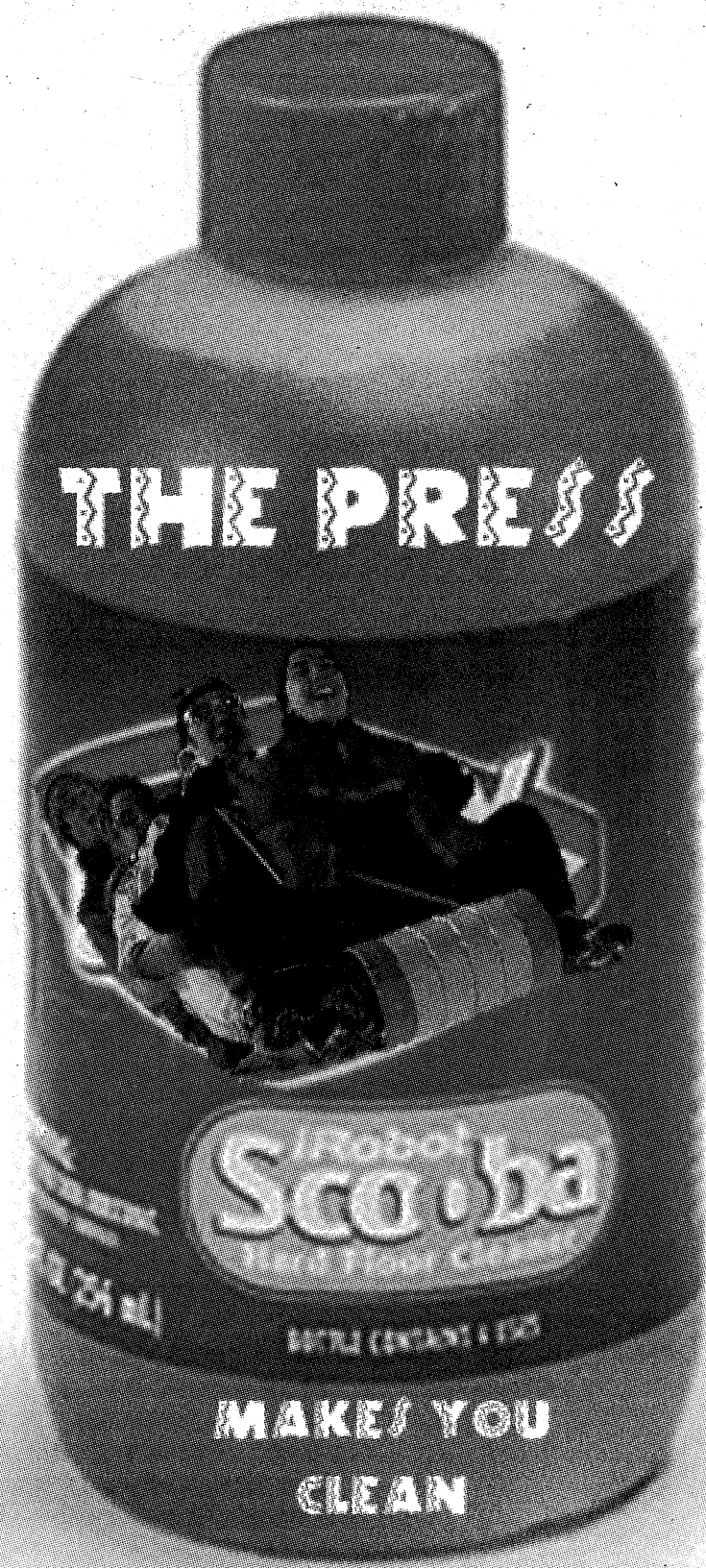
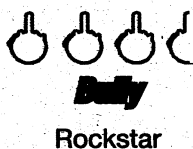


People beating oher people up...bunggggg.

recently turned his attention to the video game industry, and Rockstar has been his biggest target. After numerous lawsuits about retail sales of *GTA*, and countless statements about its supposed relation to teenage violence, Mr. Thompson turned his attention to *Bully* in 2005. Thompson compared the revenge of the pranks in *Bully* to the Columbine high school shooting. After Thompson personally called out Bill Gates, a planned Xbox version of the game was dropped for undisclosed reasons. During early 2006, Thompson filed lawsuits against the largest U.S. retailers of video games in an attempt to bar the release of the game. After demanding a congressional subpoena to preview the game and a public nuisance lawsuit yielded no success, the game was released on October 17th with a Teen rating.

Now that the game is out, the storm rages on. Jack Thompson and conservative censorship groups have denounced the rather intriguing finding that the protagonist is an equal-opportu-

if a little gross and immature. You can choose your classes, but you won't improve your abilities and the prefects might catch you truant, which will raise your trouble meter (akin to *GTA*'s "Wanted Stars"). The game is written on the *GTA3* engine, so it's a tried-and-true formula and the controls are familiar, but on the other hand, it feels somewhat like the same old Tommy Vercetti but in a teenage world. The graphics don't exactly push it to the limits on this console about to hit planned obsolescence — but they're pretty good — comparable to the more recent *GTA* games. It can be beaten in a fair amount of time (give or take 40 hours played), and it lacks the replay value that the *Grand Theft Auto* franchise has. It's at least worth a rental, but I'm happy with my decision to buy it.



The Stony Brook Press is a proud sponsor of the 2006 International Tobogganing Beat-Down. Meetings are every Wednesday at 1pm, in the Student Union Rm. 060. Come check us out, and/or e-mail submissions to: sbpress@gmail.com

Two Sisters Gets Two Thumbs Up

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

Let's face it: the average college student probably only knows about the problems in Cuba due to Elian Gonzales and *Dirty Dancing: Havana Nights*. Luckily, playwright Nilo Cruz successfully and succinctly illustrates the turbulence and trials that Cubans faced during the many upheavals of their government through his plays.

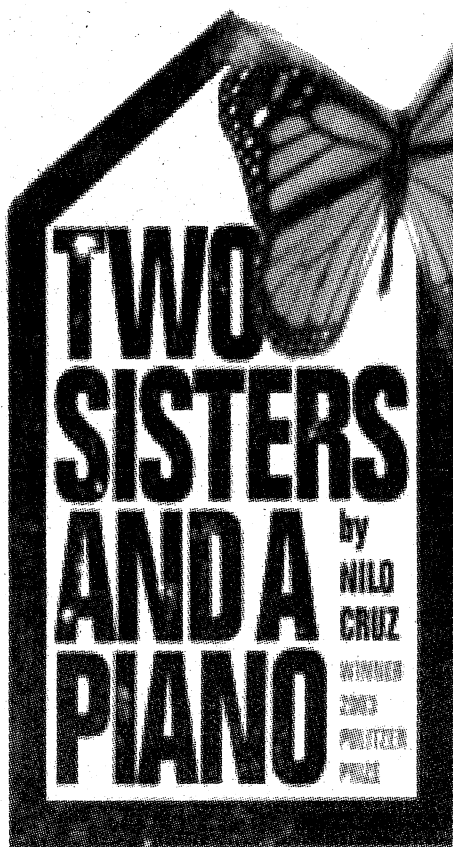
Two Sisters and A Piano tells the story of artists Maria Celia and Sofia, who are confined to their childhood home after they are placed under house arrest because of Maria Celia's writing, which criticized Fidel Castro and communism. The play chronicles their time spent inside of this house, highlighting the differences in the sisters' personalities and their emotional outbursts. However, *Two Sisters* is more than just the female version of *The Odd Couple*. As much as the sisters seem to clash in personalities (Maria Celia is more reserved where Sofia is more outgoing and emotional), their similar pasts and their struggle to gain freedom binds them. It is impossible to watch this play and not feel their pain as they struggle against invisible predators.

While the story is perhaps strong enough to stand on its own, the cast did not fail to deliver. Janine Fittipaldi's portrayal of Sofia was the most heart-breaking, and her love for her piano and her fellow man (or men, in some cases) left me pulling for her success most of all. Another standout performance was Ricardo Ferreiro as Lieutenant Portuendo, who falls for Maria Celia as he reads her confiscated love letters from her husband in America. His unflinching and sometimes arrogant performance succeeds in cementing his credibility as his character.

However, the real kudos belongs to

lighting designer Shaun Fillion. The soft and warm light filtering through the back door of the set really captures the desire that the sisters have to leave. This light is then replaced with harsh beams at the end of the play, when Sofia's revered piano is confiscated. This choice in lighting not only creates the pressure of the troops that are coming to their house to reprimand them, but it succeeds in making that final scene thoroughly chilling.

Two Sisters becomes more than just a story of love and exile; it serves as a valuable history lesson concerning the beginnings and the consequences of restricted artistic freedom in Cuba.



Two Sisters and a Piano

Nilo Cruz

Jigsaw for President: A *Saw III* Review

By Juan Pinales and Irv Novoa

Hello, reader. I want to play a game. What you are about to read is a direct result of your own actions. Pay close attention to the rules. Ignore the rules and there will be dire consequences. Simple enough? All right. Let's begin. In a world where trilogies run rampant and sequels (especially in the horror genre) suck... one movie stands out for doing something that is very hard to find these days: actually staying true to the feeling of the original.

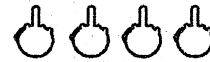
Saw III, directed by James Wan and Leigh Whannell, is the third installment (and hopefully the last) in the *Saw* franchise. The story chronicles the doings of Jigsaw, who sadistically yet ingeniously teaches his victims to appreciate life. This is one of those films that really grabs you by the balls and never lets go until the thrill ride is over. We have to be completely honest and say that we were not expecting very much from the movie. When we set out to watch this movie, our main goal was simply to enjoy the film for what it was, which is the mindset people should have had when they watched *Star Wars Episode III: The Revenge of the Sith* (seriously, that movie didn't suck that bad, people).

Tobin Bell's performance is simply amazing, as in the other two *Saw* films. Jigsaw's character is such a cerebral character, which we would dare put in the same lines as Hannibal Lecter (*gasp* blasphemy!!!). Although it's a decent analogy, Jigsaw is not your average villain; he never actually kills anyone, but rather, causes others to either kill each other or redeem themselves. He is a character that truly plays into the human emotions of the other characters, manipulating them, twisting them, and pushing them to the edge. Jigsaw is, indeed, a very interesting metaphor for God. He lets them make their own decisions and, in essence,

allows them to be accountable for their own destiny. In short, *Jigsaw* is a smart motherfucker.

If you are one of those movie fans that do not want to watch a movie about a paraplegic chess player who is a lesbian trying to struggle for acceptance in society, which got great reviews by critics, then *Saw III* also has plenty of stuff for you. As in the first two, the movie does not hold back in the gore section. There is actually a brain surgery performed in the movie, which looks extremely realistic, at least for someone who hasn't seen one. It is for this reason that I think that *Saw III* is not family entertainment, unlike some of the people we were watching it with WHO ACTUALLY TOOK THEIR KIDS TO WATCH THIS MASSACRE. It may be family entertainment, if by that you mean entertaining to Uncle Joe who used to touch your funny places when you were a kid and took pictures.

While *Saw III* is a great movie on its own, there are a lot of references to the previous movies, and if you haven't seen the first two, watch them first to avoid being left out on certain scenes. This adds to our belief that this is a true trilogy. The latest installment revisits the beginning and gives you new perspective on the otherwise unexplained moments. *Saw III* actually makes you think back and piece together a more complete picture, and if you thought you knew Jigsaw, think again. He calculates every detail and covers all his bases, further proving how much of a diabolical genius the Jigsaw character is. Without giving away the story, the ending is a complete, utter mindfuck.



Saw III

James Wan, Leigh Whannell



Whoa, this is small
That's what she said...

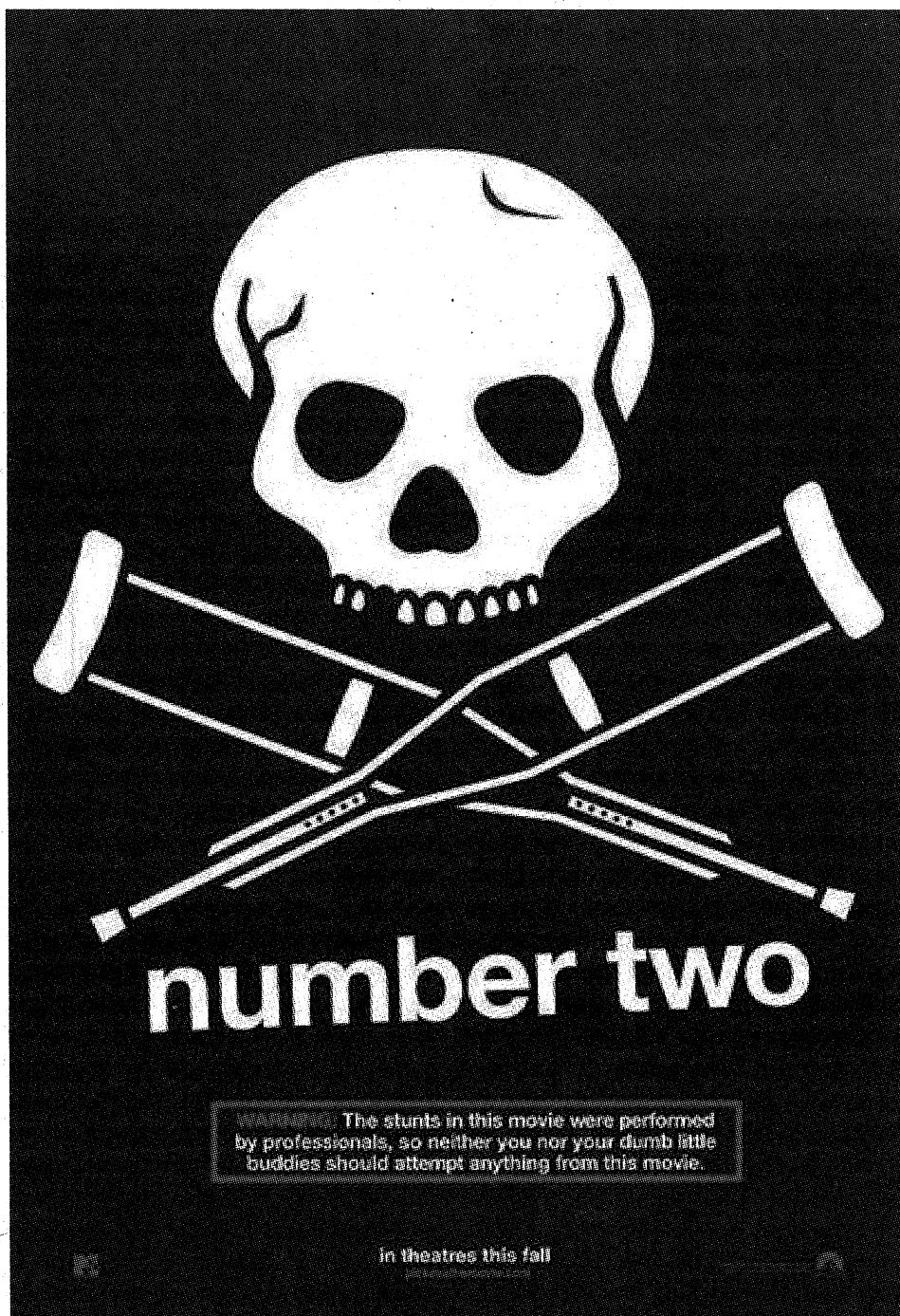
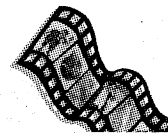
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Movie Review

Jackass 2



By Eddie Zadorozny

What would you expect the cause of fear, concern, and panic to be as you see a group of people running down a suburban, tree-lined street in slow motion, emerging from a smokescreen cloud? Perhaps they

are running from a frantic, pissed-off Naomi Campbell. Or maybe it's a horde of rampaging bulls on their heels with piercing, white, spiky horns that can perforate skin like a paper shredder welcoming one of those countless 0% fixed APR credit card applications. Both scenarios are worthy of concern, but for the purpose of this

film, the latter holds more entertainment value. Thus is the opening scene of *Jackass 2*, the sequel with more sophomoric hi-jinks, immaturity, and infantile behavior. Yet, I never laughed so much all year.

Just as in the first *Jackass*, Johnny Knoxville and the gang come back for sloppy seconds, and the juvenile behavior never lets up. We have again the countless attempted stunts of BMX riders, bungee jumpers, and failed launched humans attached to rockets! There are also loads of gross-out endeavors, such as Steve-O threading a fishhook through his mouth to make himself more appetizing and appealing to some menacing sharks as they are teased and taunted. Worse is a man eating horse feces for the sum of \$200! Even more gross, the gang interrupts a horse in the midst of coitus: at his just-about conclusion, they swap portholes, with the climatic result being dispensed in a canister and the residue being drank by one of the entourage (I did my best in wording this to make it as discreet as possible; when actually viewed, you will know exactly what scene I am talking about—disgusting). More disturbing is when Steve-O puts a leech right on his eyeball: extremely tense and difficult to watch, but you know what you do!

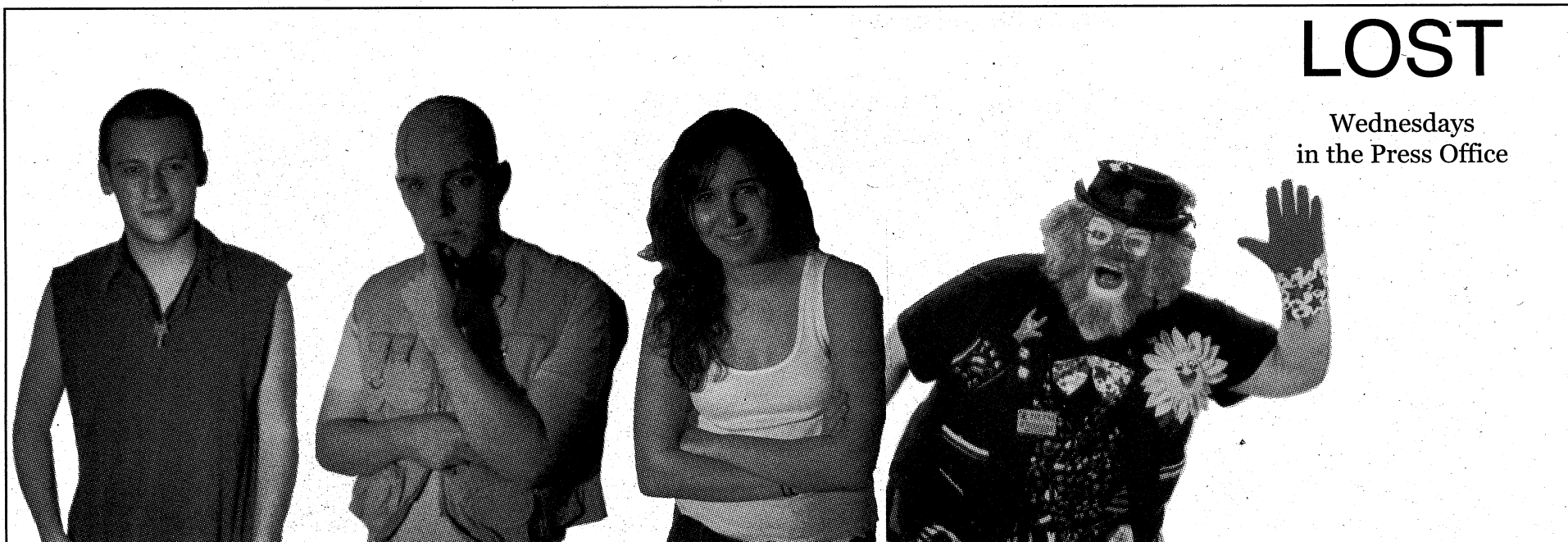
There are also moments of complete unsurpassed hilarity: for example, Johnny Knoxville disguises himself as an old man putting himself in public situations where, when he sits down, his testicles hang out of his pants in clear sight of all, the elongated, droopy, old-man type. The reaction from the unsuspecting viewers is classic. Another moment comes when one Jackass member disguises himself as a 90-year-old woman—in complete makeup-mode, with a body cast and all the appendages that would relate to a 90-year-old woman (think about it, visualize this and you get the picture). The old lady exits a cab at a populated outdoor café; as she leaves the cab, her dress gets caught in the taxi door. The taxi, in the midst of taking off, rips her

dress off in the process, with the result being maximum wardrobe malfunction and *National Geographic* exposure. The gag is prolonged because she doesn't realize or respond to what has happened to her dress and is completely oblivious to her state of undress (I am still laughing as I write this review, so freaking hilarious was this scene).

These are just a few of the numerous gags, stunts, and gross-out events that take place in the film. The pacing of the gags and visuals is very fast, and the ones I mentioned are just a small number of many other exaggerated, memorable situations that will make you laugh even harder or gross you out with a bodily response. I guarantee it.

The one question this film should raise is, "Why?" Why do we watch this kind of humor? Why would anyone act such scenes out? Why would any person perform and subject him or herself to such torture, humiliation and degradation? I suppose it's the train-wreck aspect that is very popular now in current culture. Also, the unscripted, documented feel it generates makes it appealing. "Why?" is a very good question to ask. For the most part, we all know it's stupidity at its peak. It's a cheap laugh; it's entirely sophomoric, and the aim is to entertain by any means possible. Nowadays, that form of entertainment relies on the shock aspect for more responses and reactions. You know another question the film might generate is, "Why will there be a *Jackass 3*?" My answer is an outstanding "Why not?!"

Jackass 2: Rated R (nudity, sexual content, language, extreme crude and hazardous stunts), running time 95 minutes, released by Paramount Pictures, directed by Jeff Tremaine



LOST

Wednesdays
in the Press Office

COMIC UPDATE!

BY MO IBRAHIM

%\$#@! - The Stony Brook Press

Comic Update 18 - Read this later

For those of you that don't know me: my name is Mo, and I have been writing for the *Press* for a year now. I write this column called Comic Update where I pretty much try to make you laugh. The operative word there is "try", which I do ever so gently and quite subtly.

So now I'm back and it's pretty much the middle of the semester, with two months down and less than two months to go. This is the time of year where all of our teachers have initiated their plan of screwing everyone over by giving exams on the same week or even the same day. This way they ensure that the average student has long bouts of stress and very minimal sleep.

And studying is never fun. There is no possible way to make the act enjoyable at all. Group studying might be fun, but if you're having fun then you're probably not doing much studying. If you're like me, then procrastination is your middle name. I know I define the word procrastination. There are always a million other things that have to be done or else I just can't do my work. For example, whenever I study, I have to clean my room. When I study I think, "What is this, I can't study in a messy environment, I guess I better do all of my laundry, vacuum, clean the curtains, reorganize my pen collection, take out the trash, clean the trash can, Febreeze

the furniture, Windex the windows, etc." Then, after the cleaning up, studying can take place... that is, after you take a shower of course. Why should your own room show you up in cleanliness? A clean person is a happy person, so it only makes sense in the bizarre world our minds create when procrastinating that taking a shower is a vital part of studying.

But wait! For you smokers out there, studying is the time of the week where you need to spring for that extra pack of cigarettes, because you KNOW that you are going to need a break every five minutes. It's just something about studying that makes you suddenly crave a cigarette like there's no tomorrow. Depending on the class, sometimes you need a cigarette right after you finished your last one, but deep down inside you know. You don't really need that cigarette, you just wanted to get your mind off of the damn textbook that hasn't been making sense the last two times you read it, and probably won't make sense the third time.

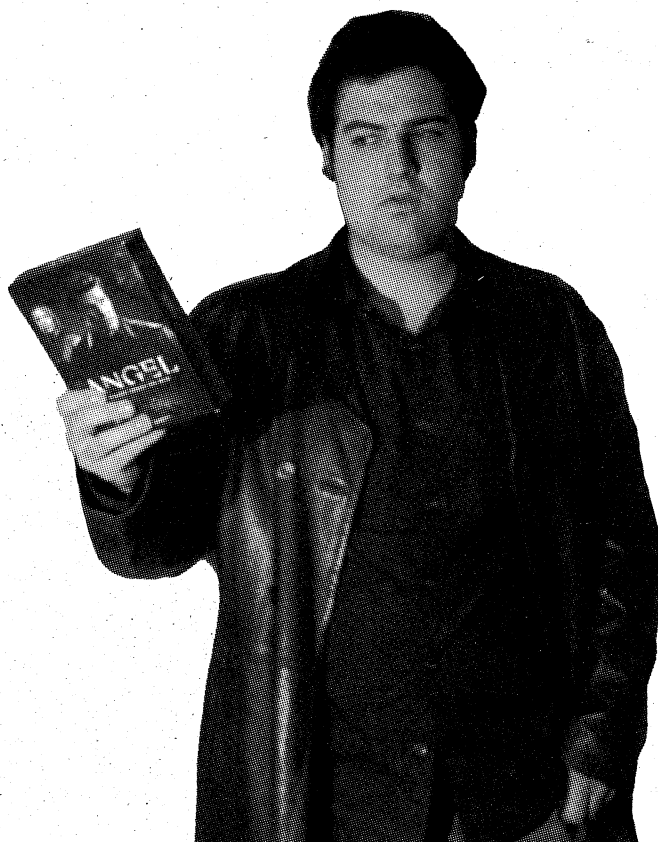
So now you've cleaned your room so immaculately to the point where even Mr. Clean looks like he could use a good scrub, you've smoked a half pack in an hour and you're still dying for another one and you got all of your things together. Now it's time to study, right? Wrong! This is when the hunger control center of the brain reminds you that you

haven't eaten anything in the past hour and a half and there is no way to possibly finish studying on an empty stomach. Knowing perfectly well that it's already 11PM and you should probably be immersed in your books, you tell yourself that food is an exception because it's such an essential part of being. Depending on where you live, you head out to the kitchen to make one of the biggest meals you've ever had, or you go to the dining hall and play the game, "How much money could I spend on my card without going broke?" You'd be surprised at how much food you could eat when you're procrastinating.

After your amazing meal you now feel satiated. You can properly go back to your room and sit down to start studying. So you're in place, book in hand, pen and paper for note taking at the ready, music playing in the background to keep you from going crazy and you say, "OK, here we go." But c'mon, at this point you're still not fooling anyone but yourself. That amazing meal you just had is giving you the "itis" and it's making you pretty sleepy. Now it's 12AM and you "rationalize" with yourself that your body should take a nap so that you can be well rested and alert while studying. The alarm is set for a half hour, a power nap. You tell yourself that a half hour is all you will need and you'll be awake... A half hour later, your alarm goes off and you moan and groan

and extend the damn thing another half an hour thinking that you'll just study a little faster... another half hour later and you shut the damn thing off without realizing and you wake up at 5:30AM with a panicked look on your face because you just realized that you spent the whole night doing absolutely nothing and your test is in only a few hours. This, my friends, is the procrastinator's crunch time.

Of course there are more things that can be added to this short list, but if I included every single thing in here then you would be reading for pages on end. No matter what you learn about time management, and even if you are a self-realized procrastinator, it's hard to change your stubborn ways. Hell, the only reason why I'm writing Comic Update is just so I don't have to do any real schoolwork. So when the test is drawing near and you're weighing your options: cram for the next few hours and hope that just enough material will be on the test so you can get a passing grade; or hope that it's one of those classes that drops the lowest grade and that particular test will be the one where you use the "drop-the-lowest-test-grade" card, you will curse yourself for being a procrastinator and vow that next time you will be well-prepared. But the little person inside of you knows the truth; the next time won't be any different.



Ask Caroline Ann

Because Miss Amberly is currently studying abroad, our popular column Ask Amberly Jane, a forum for love and sex advice, has not appeared in the *Press* this semester. Some of our readers have complained and asked us to find a replacement. We thought the most suitable substitute would be our Production Manager, Caroline. We hope Ask Caroline Ann will be to your liking. Cheerio.

Dear Caroline Ann,

My boyfriend and I have been together for a long time, and things have been getting a little boring in the sack. I mean, I love him and all, but he just doesn't satisfy me physically anymore. Anyway, I was watching Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ* the other day and...well, I felt something.

That night, when my man came home, I asked him to dress up like Jesus. Let's just say my "cup" runneth over with love of Christ. Is it wrong that I can only have an orgasm when I'm staring at the Lamb of Hosts? Please Help!

Sacrilegious in Sacramento

Dear Satan (Whoops, I meant Sacrilegious),

Tell me, do red, horned creatures with hooves excite you as well? What about extremely high temperatures? If so, you're in luck. In Hell, you'll encounter plenty of what turns you on. I suggest wholeheartedly that you repent not only for your pre-marital intercourse but also your unholy and unnatural sexual attraction to the Son of Man. Though, just to clarify, I'm certain that the Holy

Savior was very handsome in His human form. I mean, He was the Son of God. However, you are still a very sick, very disturbed individual. May the Lord have mercy on your poor depraved soul. Hope that helps!

Caroline Ann

Dear Caroline Ann,

I'm an aspiring photographer, and I keep my equipment in my room. So my girlfriend and I got inspired last week and had a sexy photo shoot. Somehow, my little brother found my memory card and posted the pictures online. I had no idea until my girlfriend found them. I thought I was in deep shit, but she thought it was really hot. Should I tell her it was my idea? She might get really turned on and let me do freaky shit. But what if it's all a clever ruse to get me to admit I did it, like that shit with the Greek dudes in the horse?

Voyeuristic in Vancouver

Dear Voyeur,

First of all, telling your girlfriend that you posted them would be bearing false witness, and at this point in your debauchery, can you really afford to be breaking a Commandment? This is aside from the fact that your girlfriend is a bit of a pervert. I suggest you ditch the chick and find yourself a nice, Church-going girl. Wouldn't you rather have someone watch old movies with you or bake you a cake in lieu of fulfilling your

nefarious desires of the flesh? Broom her, take the pictures off the Net and put the whole situation behind you. But don't beat up your brother. Revenge is the Lord's, and trust me, that little puke is in for a serious smiting.

Caroline Ann

Dear Caroline Ann,

I like sex. Am I going to Hell?

—Robocop

Dear Robocop,

YES! Haha, surely I jest. Liking sex does not mean that you are going to Hell. In truth, I don't think it seems half-bad myself. The Bible says that sex is supposed to be a physical expression of love between a husband and wife. It is merely the perversion that it has taken in our society that has corrupted it (i.e. pterodactyl porn, the actions of the heathens from the above letters, etc.). There is nothing wrong with enjoying sex or having sexual feelings so long as they are within the context of marriage. Then again, you are a robot, and the Bible doesn't really say anything about that. Furthermore, the logistics of robot sex are just a little too sick for me to think about. Ick.

—Caroline Ann

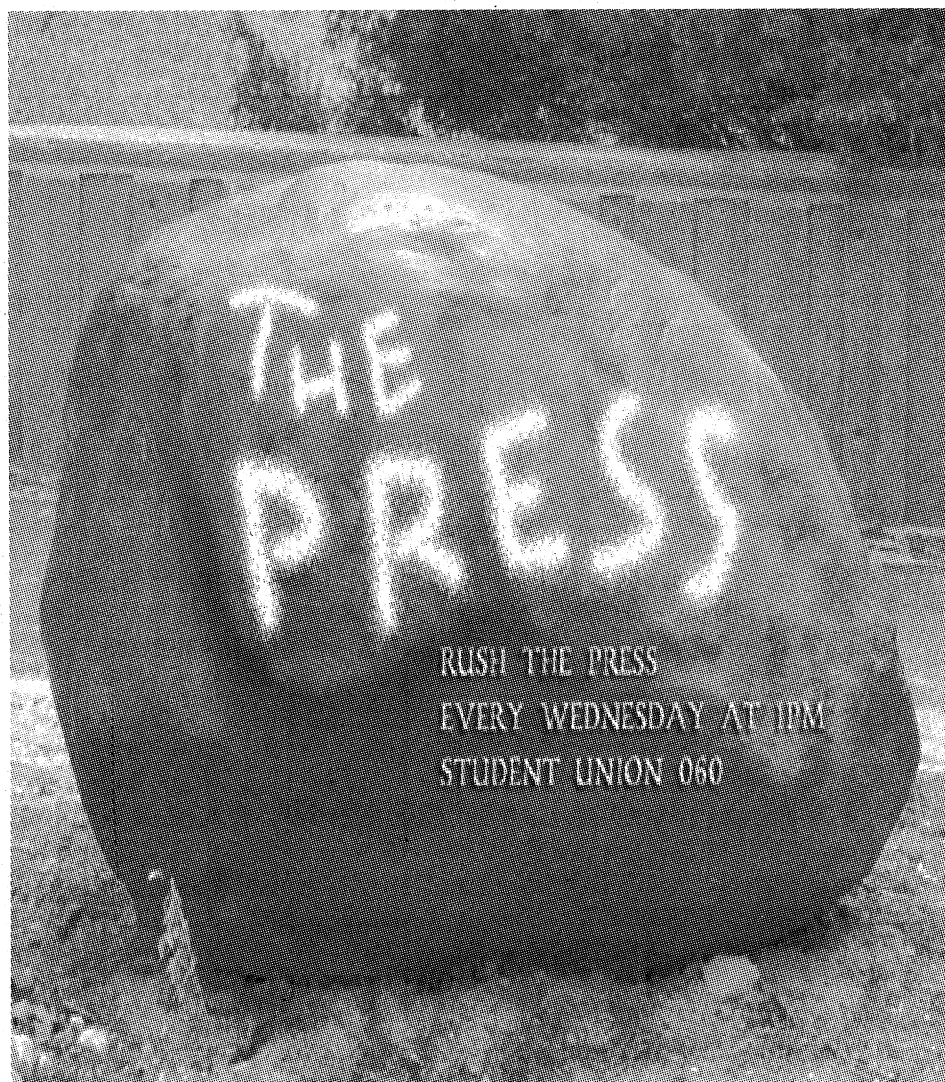
If you have questions, please write Caroline at: askcarolineann@gmail.com

Dear our much-adored President,



Mr. President, we didn't need fishery, but needed your eye.

*Sincerely yours,
Kotci Aoki*



TOP TEN

Things to do as a Ghost

10 Two Words: Dressing Room.

9 Mess with that bitch Casper

8 Make friends with every
goth kid on myspace

7 Stalk that kid from *The Sixth Sense*

6 Read *The Press* over Shirley
Strum Kenny's shoulder

5 Piss on people

4 Make that assjack John Edward look
as dumb as he sounds, fucker.

3 Give Stony Brook's Ghost Hunters Society
a purpose! (Other than Ghostbusters)

2 "Can you see me now? Good"

1 Impregnate a Jewish virgin

Point

"Give Me the Whip!"



Give me the whip! Look, you got across fine, now it's my turn. So pass it back. It's only fair. I scrape a seething mass of tarantulas off your back, you scrape a seething mass off mine.

Hurry up, man, this whole place is coming down. This idol belongs in a museum, and I don't see a museum on this side of the gaping chasm. What I do see is an almost ridiculously slowly dropping stone door. So unless you've got a better idea, I'd send the whip across.

Counter-Point

"Throw Me the Idol!"



No time to argue. Throw me the idol, I'll throw you the whip.

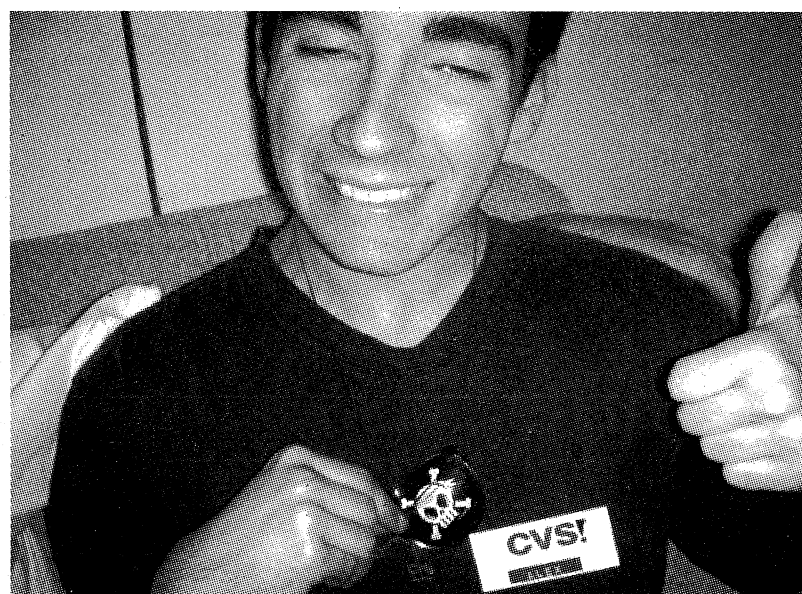
Relax, you can trust me. Of course I'll throw the whip over. Remember that other guy who tried to shoot you? That wasn't me! I'm the dependable one. It makes more sense this way. How are you going to swing over while holding the idol? What if you drop it?

All right, I'm glad you finally saw the logic behind my argument. Thanks for the idol. Hmmm? Whip?

Adios, señor.

Alex Walsh Will Give You 99 Diseases...

(But A Bitch Ain't One)



- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Head Crabs | 51. Delusions of l33tn3ss |
| 2. Tick-borne Pink Eye | 52. Strawberry Gnome Infestation |
| 3. Acute Dizziness | 53. Sticky Fingers |
| 4. Broken Arm | 54. Loss of Spider-Sense |
| 5. Mummy Jock | 55. Metamorphic Muppet-ism |
| 6. SIDS (Sudden Infants for a Democratic Society) | 56. Phat Beats |
| 7. Quadrophenia | 57. Damn Dirty Ape Syndrome |
| 8. Beckzema | 58. John Kruk's Disease |
| 9. Rapid Onset Cybernetics | 59. Recurrent Wardrobe Malfunction |
| 10. Marxism-Leninism | 60. New Order Disorder |
| 11. Popsicle Dropsy | 61. Leprosy During Urination |
| 12. Testicular Jaundice... of the Balls | 62. Cancer of the Clitoris |
| 13. Tighitis | 63. Robo-AIDS |
| 14. The Clenches | 64. Pwnage of the Liver |
| 15. Constant Female Erections | 65. Pronouncing Pwnage With a P |
| 16. Kilt Dependency | 66. Semicolon Cancer |
| 17. Corporate Racism | 67. Robin Williams |
| 18. Sebastian the Crab | 68. Recurring Bacon-Related Dreams |
| 19. Titty Twisters | 69. Cat Scratch Fever |
| 20. Sexually Transmitted Pregnancy | 70. Cow Bell Deficiency Disorder |
| 21. Sexually Transmitted Scurvy | 71. Rugged Masculinity |
| 22. The Christmas Shivers | 72. Ebolio |
| 23. Creeping Peepers | 73. Tripping... of the Balls |
| 24. Feral Tapeworms | 74. Mouth Breathing |
| 25. Aggravated Throbbing | 75. Transubstantiation of the Spleen |
| 26. Diarrhea on a Plane | 76. Tupox |
| 27. DJ Scripples | 77. Ty Cobb's Being An Asshole |
| 28. Compulsive Ornithology | 78. Congenital Matrimony |
| 29. Caroline's Sense of Humour | 79. Conjunction Junctivitis |
| 30. Perpetual Motion | 80. Takin' It To The Limit |
| 31. Don Mattingly's Disease | 81. Vaginal Halitosis |
| 32. Don Mattingly's Mustache | 82. Sidecar Butt |
| 33. Geraldism | 83. Teslaphobia |
| 34. Bogeys on Your Six | 84. Keifer Madness |
| 35. Harry Carey Beri Beri | 85. Frosted Skin Flakes |
| 36. Vincent Michael Festering Wounds | 86. Gradual Suddenness |
| 37. Statesman Subscription | 87. Creeping Yeti Hands |
| 38. Chronic Jitterbug | 88. Creeping Geddy Lee |
| 39. The Flaming Lips | 89. Chronic Unemployment |
| 40. Counter-Reformation | 90. Aaron Burr Flu |
| 41. Matt Damon! | 91. Iron Manism |
| 42. Something About Ronald Reagan | 92. Irony Induced Deafness |
| 43. The Plague by Albert Camus | 93. Finite Population |
| 44. Gulf War Syndrome | 94. Rubik's Boob |
| 45. Lockjaw... of the Balls | 95. Ill Behavior |
| 46. Inflamed Chloroplasts | 96. Lots O' Puss |
| 47. Fear of Pop | 97. Habeas Corpus |
| 48. Oatmeal-related Diabetes | 98. Creeping Crabs... of the Balls |
| 49. Alaskan King Crabs | 99. Dia-Rios |
| 50. Xylophonic Appendicitis... of the Balls | |

